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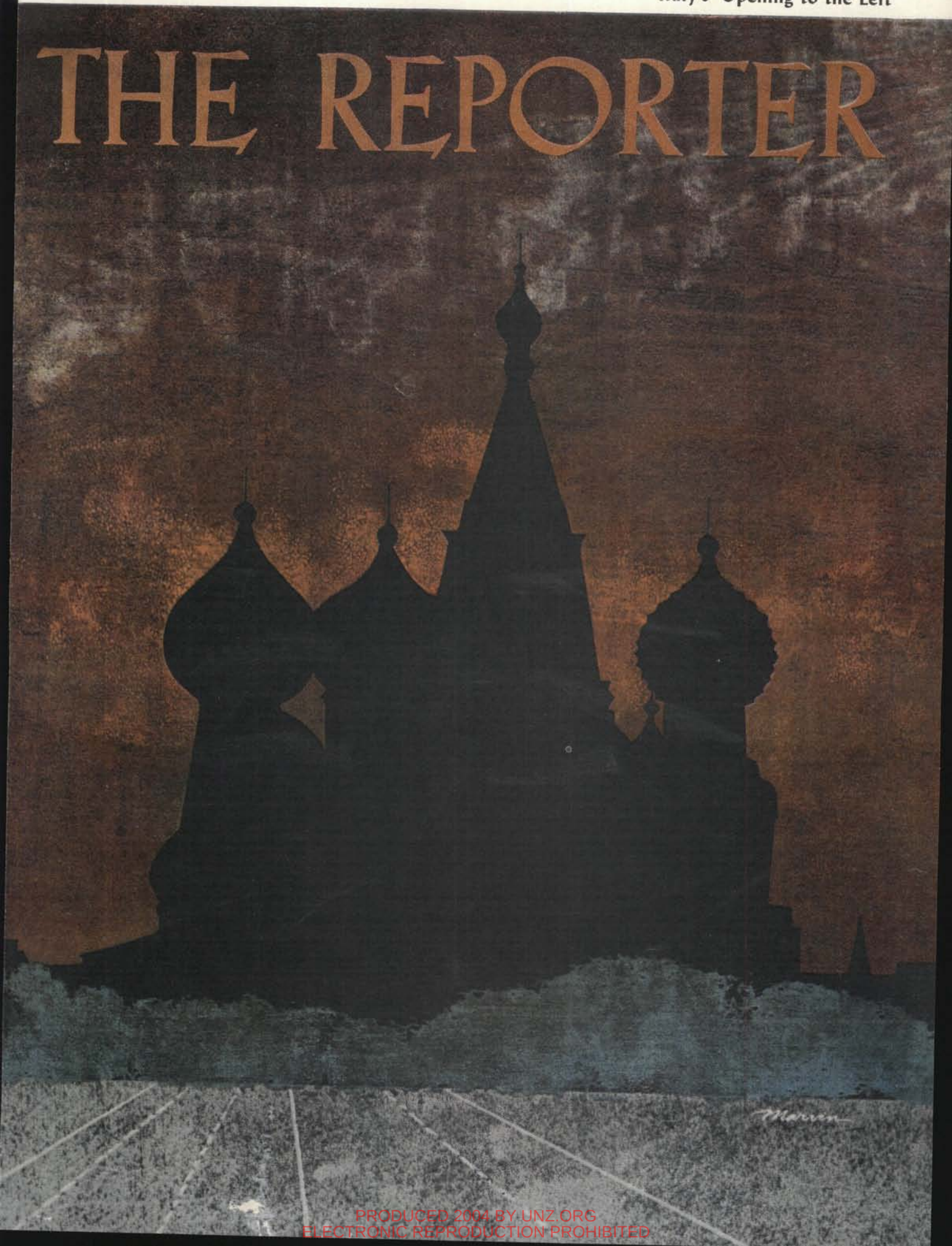
March 15, 1962 25¢

Italy's 'Opening to the Left'

THE REPORTER



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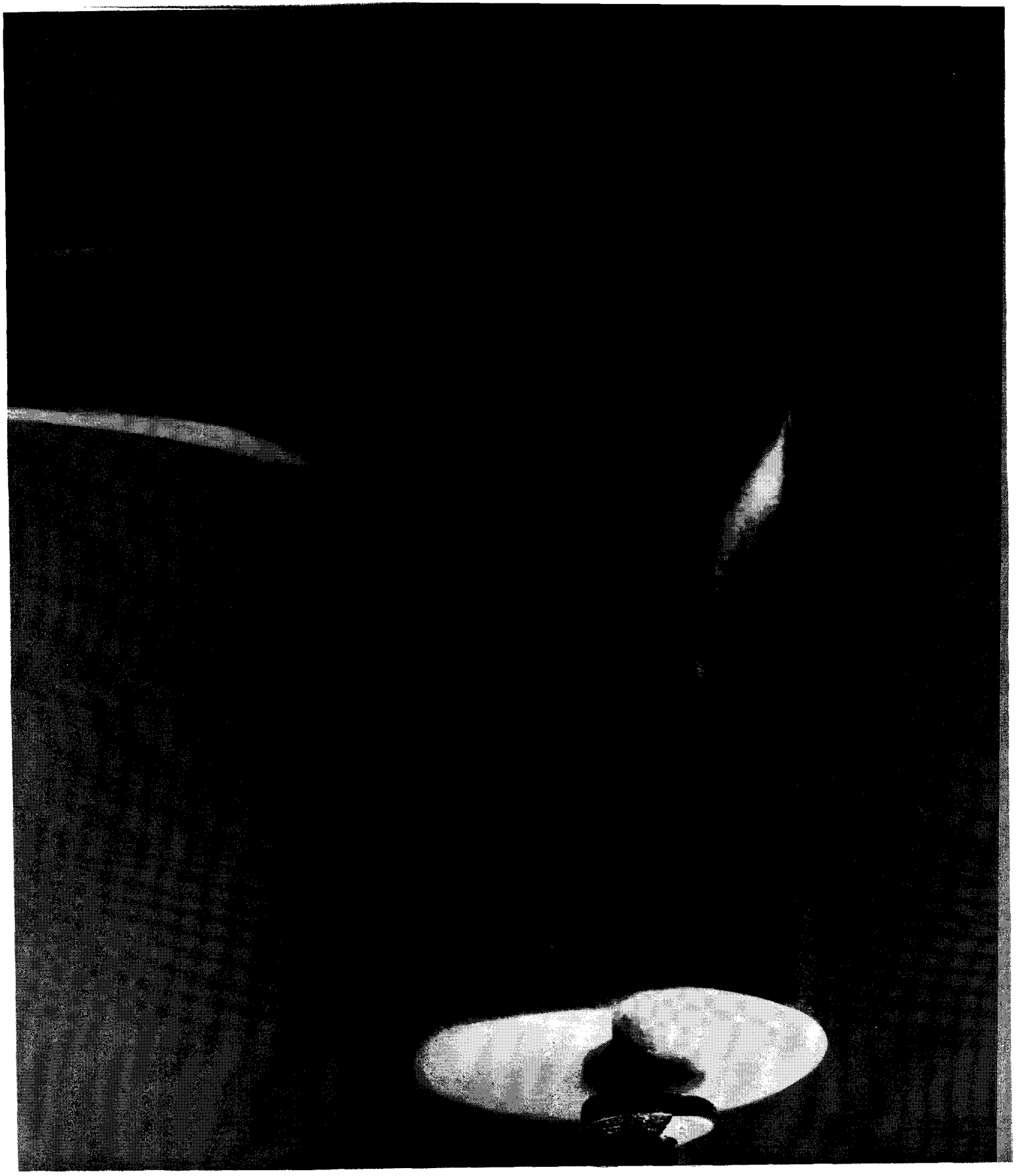

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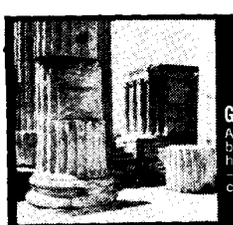

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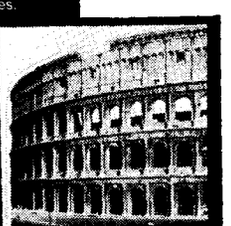

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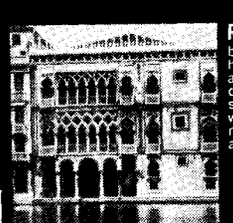

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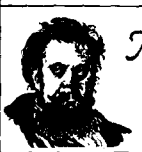

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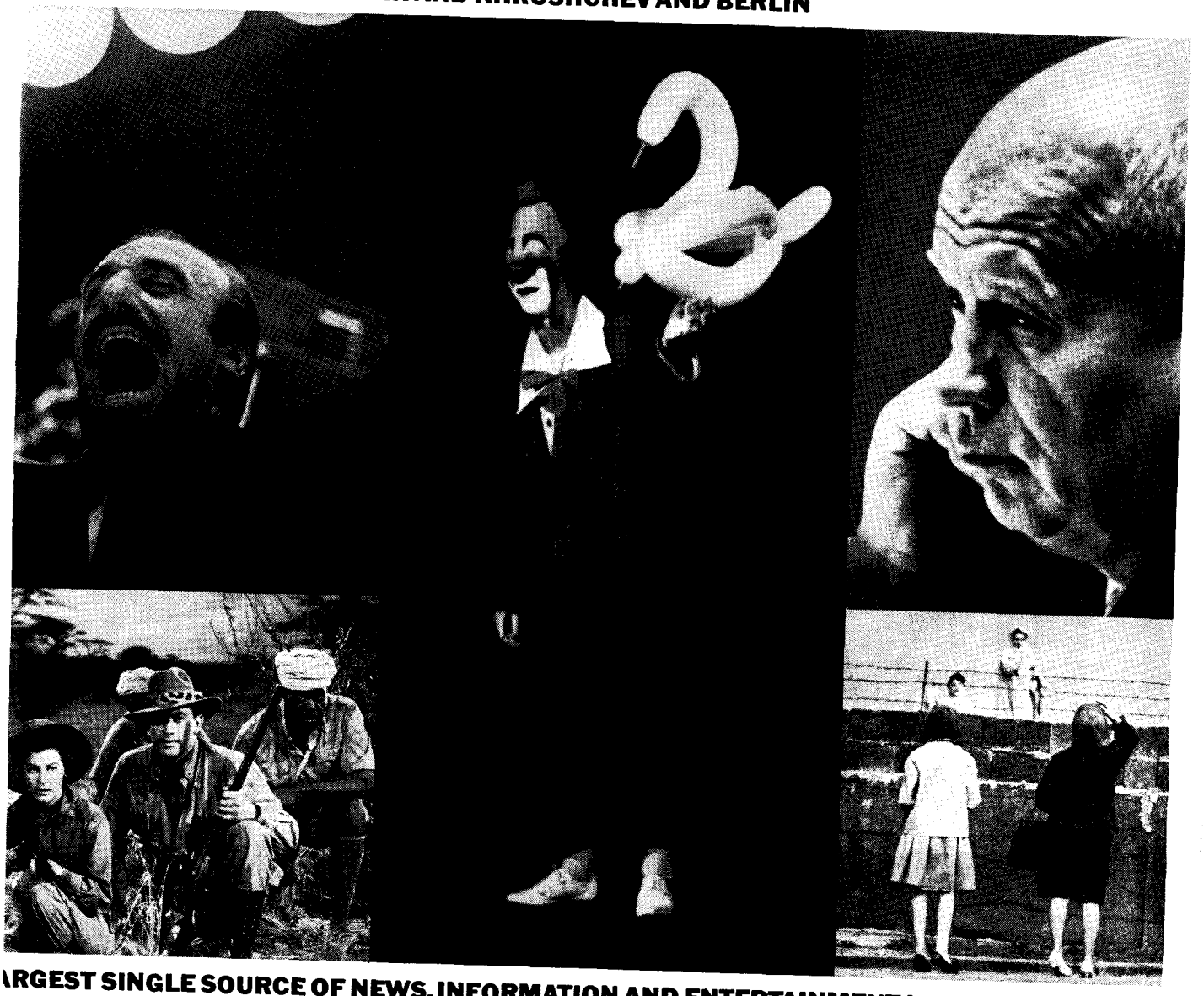

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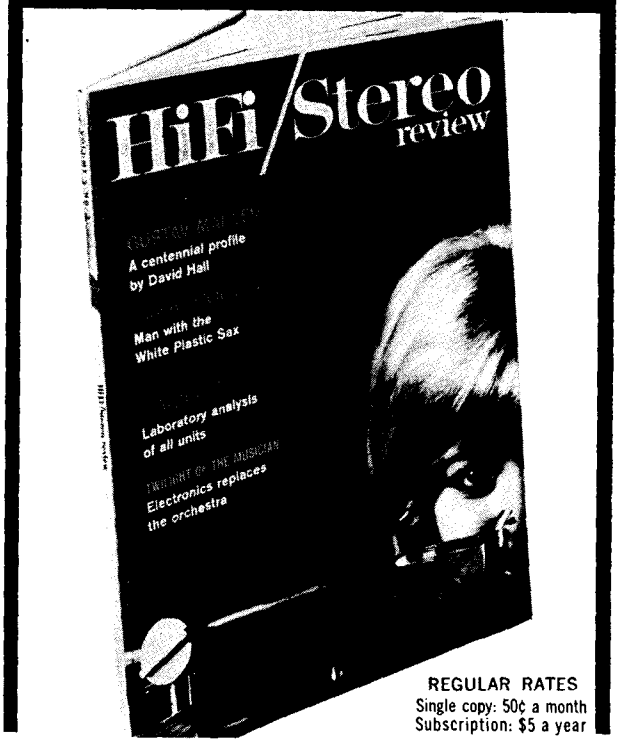
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli was very happy to write the editorial in this issue, in which instead of exerting critical analysis on events and personalities he could indulge in genuine enthusiasm. He wishes he had more occasions like that provided by the flight of Colonel Glenn.

Italy is seldom mentioned as a trouble spot. The contagious European prosperity has during the last few years spread to at least the northern half of the Italian Peninsula and, as thousands upon thousands of foreign tourists have testified, the country is as radiantly beautiful as ever. But Italian politics has been shaky for quite a while, mostly because the role of the opposition is played by the Communists. Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** describes the "opening to the Left"—a singularly delicate political maneuver that could gently bring Italy close to a semi-neutralist position. . . . Berlin, the major trouble spot, is now more than ever the one place where our firmness should be unmistakable. **David Binder,** recently in Berlin as a correspondent for the New York *Times,* brings us a rather disturbing report upon the situation there.

THERE HAS been a great deal of talk lately about the seeds of freedom in the Soviet Union, and it has even been written in a prominent American newspaper that there are individuals in positions of authority in Russia—not yet in power but at the same time not far from it—who can be called liberal in the western sense of the word. **Peter Viereck's** article is not about Russian politics but Russian literature. We would go so far as to say it is about the Russian soul. There have always been people with an irrepressible yearning for liberty in Russia—a spiritual, individual liberty. Mr. Viereck tells us that there are still such people in the Soviet Union. No political generalization can be derived from this fact. Mr. Viereck's report is excerpted from a new book he is working on, which will be called *The Split Personality of Soviet Russia: An Eyewitness Account.* His most recent books are *The Unadjusted Man* (Putnam Capricorn paperback) and a verse play, *The Tree Witch* (Scribner). . . . **Creighton Burns,** who is in India to study the elections there, reports from Goa. . . . **Bernard D. Nossiter** is with the Washington *Post.*

Alan Sillitoe's books include *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* (Knopf). . . . **Mary Manning,** previously of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, is the author of the play *Passages from Finnegans Wake,* upon which a forthcoming film will be based. . . . **George Steiner** now teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** *Contemporaries* will shortly be published by Little, Brown. . . . **Martin Greenberg** edited and translated *The Marquise of O——— and Other Stories,* by Heinrich von Kleist (Criterion).

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From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. P-1, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

'A MATTER OF TIMING'

To the Editor: I want to commend J. Anthony Lukas on the great amount of thought and research evidenced by his report ("Integrated Housing: A Matter of Timing," *The Reporter,* February 15). It is clear from its very title that he recognizes the vital role that timing plays in every aspect of governmental civil-rights action.

In the case of low-rent public housing, the choice, in the opinion of many strong advocates of civil-rights action who are also concerned about the general welfare is between a substantial amount of such housing for Negroes (who would otherwise live in horrible slums) or none at all. There was a crucial vote on this issue in the course of Senatorial debate on the Housing Act of 1949, with such avowed and sincere leaders in the civil-rights field as Senator Douglas leading the advocates for rejection of a nondiscrimination amendment on this ground. Many civil-rights advocates in the Congress have, for the same reason, continued to vote against such an amendment.

Another way of putting the question is, Do you pick the area of the most extreme need by the very minority group involved in which to achieve civil-rights gains first, and thereby force that very group to absorb the concentrated bitterness of the reaction? When it comes to measuring a relatively short span of time against stakes that run all the way from relegating to the slums the most needy members of the minority group that is supposed to benefit from the order to the general welfare of the nation, particularly in its foreign affairs, I wouldn't care to be in the President's shoes. I wonder how many of his critics would.

MARIE C. MCGUIRE, Commissioner
Public Housing Administration
Washington, D.C.

BUMP-READING BY TV

To the Editor: *The Reporter* is to be complimented on the astute critique of the activities of Dr. Joyce Brothers in the February 15 issue. In "Little Brothers Is Watching You," Marya Mannes puts her finger unerringly on aspects that have been of concern to professional colleagues of Dr. Brothers for some time. They would agree with Miss Mannes that "Knowledge of man comes from intimacy with man, and a prolonged one at that." They find it hard to identify themselves with the TV image of the certified psychologist.

HARRY V. MCNEILL, PH.D., President
New York State Psychological Association
New York City

To the Editor: Both Marya Mannes and Joyce Brothers rate very high with me. It is therefore distressing when Miss Mannes gives Dr. Brothers less

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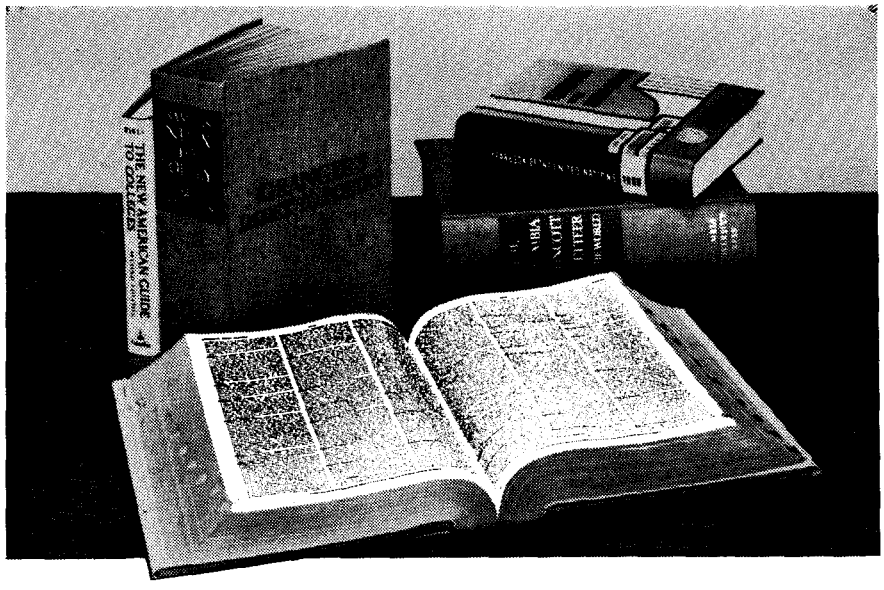

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than justice, and even belittles her work. Dr. Brothers does not attempt to solve problems for individuals. She makes that clear repeatedly. Every letter she uses, she tells us, is representative of countless others she does not use. After reading each letter, Dr. Brothers proceeds to give a surprisingly complete, sensible rundown of possible causes and possible solutions. She leaves it to the individual to do his own thinking and to use whatever seems pertinent to his own situation. Miss Mannes is a sophisticate who does not stand in need of Dr. Brothers's schooling. But Dr. Brothers talks to a vast audience of bothered and bewildered Americans and brings them some of the sophistication so sadly lacking in the handling of their personal relationships. She is giving her listeners better insight into the nature of their problems. That is something the country could use more of.

SARAH CRAVEN EICHNER
Bloomfield, New Jersey

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's suggestion that Dr. Brothers and others offer a kind of group therapy is a bit off base. It's small comfort, and not very helpful, to find out that others have similar problems. In all, this is about as helpful as knowing that your neighbor too has the flu.

EDWARD S. LEVIN, PH.D.
School Psychologist
Manhasset, New York

To the Editor: I would certainly go along, in the main, with Miss Mannes's remarks. This kind of personal advice that Dr. Brothers (and other advice-to-the-lovelorn columnists) glibly spews out is generally considered to be unethical for a psychologist to give because, as Miss Mannes aptly puts it, "there is a preposterous fallacy in the whole business of public advice without private knowledge." There are far too many ifs, ands, and buts in the once-exposited brief story of a person's woes for any reputable psychologist to be very certain that he is hitting the mark in diagnosing or prescribing for that person. In regular psychotherapy, we at least give the patient a chance to correct us if, as is often true of us psychotherapists, we first come up with a lulu of a wrong answer. In public performances, no such corrective factor is possible.

Moreover, my own occasional viewing of Dr. Brothers's programs would indicate that she rarely, if ever, gives a truly unconventional response, but is normally on the side of ultraconformity.

ALBERT ELLIS, PH.D.
New York City

CASTRO'S CONFESSION

To the Editor: Paul D. Bethel ("Does Castro Still Rule Cuba?," *The Reporter*, February 15) is incorrect when he says that the Cuban press did not report Fidel Castro's acknowledgment that he is a Marxist-Leninist. On De-

cember 2, 1961, *El Mundo* of Havana published a six-page stenographic version of Castro's television appearance, including the passage ". . . I am a Marxist-Leninist, and I will be a Marxist-Leninist to the last day of my life."

Bethel may be correct when he suggests that the Communists were not pleased with Castro's declarations, except that during his TV performance Castro, speaking to the old-line Communists in the audience, said, ". . . you were the ones who decided when and how to speak of the United Party of the Socialist Revolution."

MILTON I. VANGER
Sacramento, California

IN DEFENSE OF BERGMAN

To the Editor: Michael Roemer's failure to recognize Ingmar Bergman's artistry ("Bergman's Bag of Tricks," *The Reporter*, February 15) is his own loss, and all generous Bergmanites will extend him their sympathy.

JAMES ROOK
Lake Worth, Florida

To the Editor: "Bergman's Bag of Tricks" certainly does not do justice to the unique sensitivity and artistic achievements of Bergman. Most importantly, the article fails to note Bergman's dextrous use of symbols.

This viewer disagrees with Roemer when he says that Bergman's images are "essentially hollow and deriative" and "lulling and effective until one begins to examine them." Bergman's imagery is poignant, pregnant with meaning, and extremely sensitive in portraying human feeling.

PHILLIP HALVORSON
Moscow, Idaho

To the Editor: May Mr. Roemer be condemned to watch Bergman films until he founders in the ecstasy of their unity.

PATRICIA LAMB
Houston, Texas

To the Editor: I think that Mr. Roemer is correct in questioning the value of Bergman's films as artifact and as art. There is a problem, however, about the nature of Bergman's images. Mr. Roemer says that they are hollow and derivative; he finds fault with their incantatory rather than referential nature. Bergman is not concerned with establishing a fixed relationship between image and objective reality. He wants images to act immediately on man's primitive subconscious, on that realm of man's spirit which is the source of language and myth. His images are directed toward the mysterious realm of *Geist* which comprises both the supernatural and the subconscious. They oftentimes seem hollow only because they are not backed up by an objective fact. Bergman tries to capture the awful but frequently succeeds only in arousing fright. His images may fail, but they are not tricks.

MARTIN J. JARSKY
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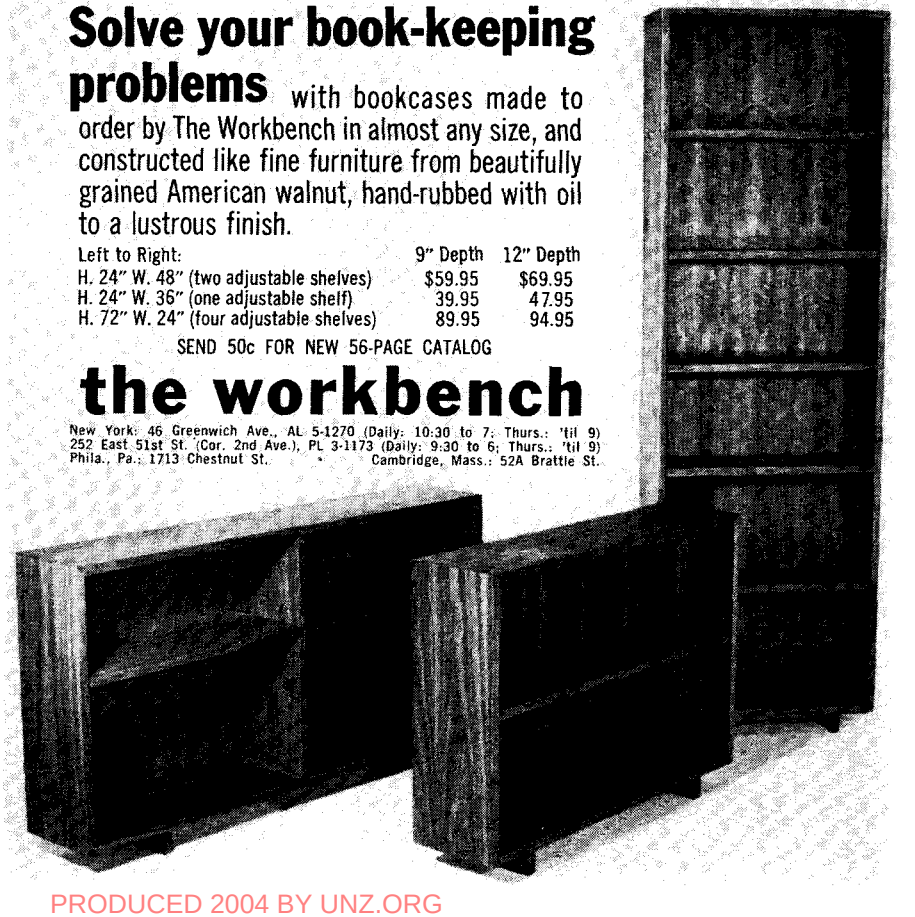

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Going Places

Suppose that a younger brother of President Eisenhower, running for the Senate in an Eastern state, had made a ritual Tel Aviv-Warsaw-Dublin grand tour? Suppose that Pat Nixon rather than Ethel Kennedy had been quoted as asking the Japanese, "Did I read that your cats have no tails?" or "Do the Japanese use snuff?" Suppose that the New York *Times* had written of Richard M. Nixon rather than Robert F. Kennedy that the students "loved his slang ('You're crazy,' 'Pick up your marbles,' 'The hell with you')," although, to be sure, "the effectiveness of this tough talk is another question." Fairly or unfairly, the anti-administration press would have had a lot of fun. What solemn criticism of free-wheeling diplomacy and reminders of the gravity of the world situation would have followed the news that an official of the Eisenhower administration who had been stoned, splattered, or publicly heckled abroad had returned to find, as a Washington paper reported, that his staff had put a Welcome sign "on his chair with an egg splattered on one side reminiscent of an egg thrown at him in the Far East"? In fact, there were serious grumblings back in 1953 about exactly what and on what authority Vice-President Nixon had told the Formosans in the course of his Asian tour.

The right to travel, as any civil libertarian will tell you, is a fundamental one, and we would be the last to suggest that it be denied to anyone on the basis of high governmental position or kinship with the President. But Robert Kennedy's recent trip does, it seems to us, raise some legitimate questions about the virtues of tourist-type diplomacy and the growing role of the Attorney General in matters of foreign policy. Both questions were taken up not long ago by Representative John V. Lindsay (R., New York) in a letter to Secretary Rusk and in statements on the floor of the House. Lindsay criticized first the "free-wheeling foreign missions on the part of highly placed amateurs who do not have the background, training, language ability, or capability to carry on the enormous burden of diplomacy in the context of today's long struggle," and went on to remark, "It has become common knowledge in Washington that some Embassies of other countries with the knowledge that the Attorney General is available for this kind of extra curricular invitation are indulging in a kind of scramble to 'get the ear' of the Attorney General... this can lead to all kinds of special pleading. Even worse, it can make a shambles of diplomacy. . . ." In the *Times*, A. M. Rosenthal also wrote from Tokyo that when the Japanese "asked him questions they had the delicious sensation of being on a direct pipeline" to the President. To Congressman Lindsay, Mr. Rusk replied that the Attorney General had undertaken the trip at his request, that it was helpful for cabinet officers to travel, and that Mr. Kennedy had "eminent qualifications for the mission."

With all due respect to Secretary Rusk, we wonder if Congressman Lindsay didn't have a point. True, the Attorney General proved a snappy man in a student debate during his trip, but we wonder if student debates oughtn't to be left to students. If the trip was a success within the framework of amateur diplomacy, in our opinion it left something to be desired in the realm of professional diplomacy. Mr. Kennedy apparently checked his statements with the State Department and spoke only U.S. policy. But what policy did he have in mind when he talked of the hope of an easier life for the East Germans because of "the great changes" taking place in the Communist world? And when the Attorney General commented that it wouldn't be easy negotiating away the Wall, what exactly did he mean?

The State Department is now busy

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explaining to a Senate subcommittee that it has all the foreign-policy enunciators it needs for the time being and justifying its crackdown on the speeches of the military. "The conduct of foreign affairs today is an intricate, subtle, changing and always uncertain task," Under Secretary George Ball explained to the senators the other day. Statements can be easily distorted and are often misinterpreted. On the other hand, returning from his tour, the Attorney General said, "We don't have the spokesmen speaking up for us that we should." We are inclined to agree with Mr. Ball. There may be far too many spokesmen now.

Junius Scales

Inmate No. 28398 in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is rather unusual among those who have been convicted under the Smith Act in that he has not even the masochistic solace of martyrdom for a cause. A Communist from 1940 and the party leader for North Carolina at the time of his conviction in 1955, Junius Scales broke his ties with Communism in 1957, in revulsion over Soviet intervention in Hungary and shock at the revelations of the Twentieth Party Congress. The Supreme Court upheld his conviction by a 5-4 margin last June. When Scales began his six-year term, in October, he had been an ex-Communist for four years.

The Scales case, like others interpreting the Smith Act, found the judges in sharp disagreement and left the fine distinctions of political crime in the United States more abstruse than ever. In the original test of the act as a weapon against Communism, in 1949, the court found Party Secretary Eugene Dennis and ten other party officials guilty of conspiracy to teach and advocate overthrow of the government by force. This criterion of advocacy was narrowed to mean incitement to action in the court's 1957 reversal of convictions of fourteen West Coast Communist leaders. This decision was believed likely to restrict the Justice Department in prosecuting Communists under the Smith Act, and government lawyers turned to another clause of the act that makes "knowing the purposes" of party membership a crime. The conviction

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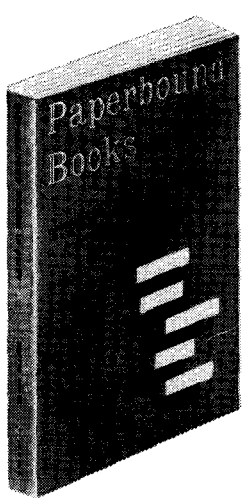

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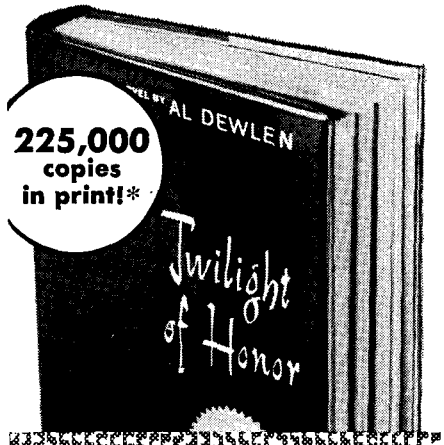

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of Scales was, in fact, upheld on this ground. But in a concurrent decision the court reversed the conviction of a Buffalo party organizer named John Francis Noto who, unlike Scales, was then and apparently continues to be an active Communist. The cases of Scales and Noto proved of no more use as precedents for government prosecution of Communists than did the earlier Smith Act cases. This became clear in November, a month after Scales entered Lewisburg and Noto went back to Buffalo, when the Justice Department dropped a long-standing Smith Act case against Claude Lightfoot, vice-chairman of the Communist Party's national committee. The difficulty of proving "knowing" membership—of judging the difference between a Scales and a Noto, whatever that may be—had made the complex problem of prosecuting Smith Act cases even more confused. Other cases now pending are also likely to be dropped.

These vicissitudes of the controversial Smith Act are matters that the Supreme Court will smooth in time—perhaps, as Justice Douglas wrote in his Scales case opinion, ". . . at a time when the fear of advocacy, dissent, and non-conformity no longer casts a shadow over us." In the meantime, Junius Scales can find little satisfaction in the thought that he may be the last, as well as the first, to be convicted under the act's "knowing membership" clause. For he is serving the longest sentence ever pronounced on an American Communist.

Why? Scales was a minor figure compared to Eugene Dennis (who got five years—one less than Scales—and served forty months) or Elizabeth Gurley Flynn (who got three years). Far from deterring still free Communists such as Claude Lightfoot, the Scales example has served only to hinder their prosecution. Nor can the treatment of Scales—in jail for what he believed five years ago—be likely to hearten disaffected Communists who might think of following his decision to leave the party. The only clue to the severity of Scales's sentence is found in the argument used by the Justice Department in successfully opposing a reduction of his term, that ". . . in view of the defendant's lack of co-operation with the FBI . . ." (and because he was seen once in 1961 drinking coffee with a Communist official who was also a particular friend), his renunciation of the party was suspect.

Scales did not co-operate with the FBI or testify at his trial because he did not wish to name names of former associates. Like many another ex-Communist, he was resigned to paying the penalty of his bad judgment (and for forty-one-year-old Scales this has meant half a life wasted), but he was unwilling to implicate others, some of whom may also have long since rejected Communism.

By commuting Scales's sentence the President could set right what seems to be a judgment unfruitful for the government and unnecessarily harsh against Scales. A petition for such a pardon is now circulating and we hope it will receive favorable attention in the White House.

The Great Bias Hunt

It used to be the up-and-coming politician joined lodges, sodalities, and miscellaneous organizations devoted to the wearing of funny hats in order to show that he was a regular fellow, make friends, and, hopefully, win votes. Nowadays he resigns. The expansive, back-slapping snobberies of the era of secret handclasps have been replaced by the priggish egalitarianism of the New Frontier,

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Who brought on the standard extremist hysterics;
But how must it feel to be left in the lurch, men,
By J. Edgar Hoover and Catholic Churchmen?

—SEC

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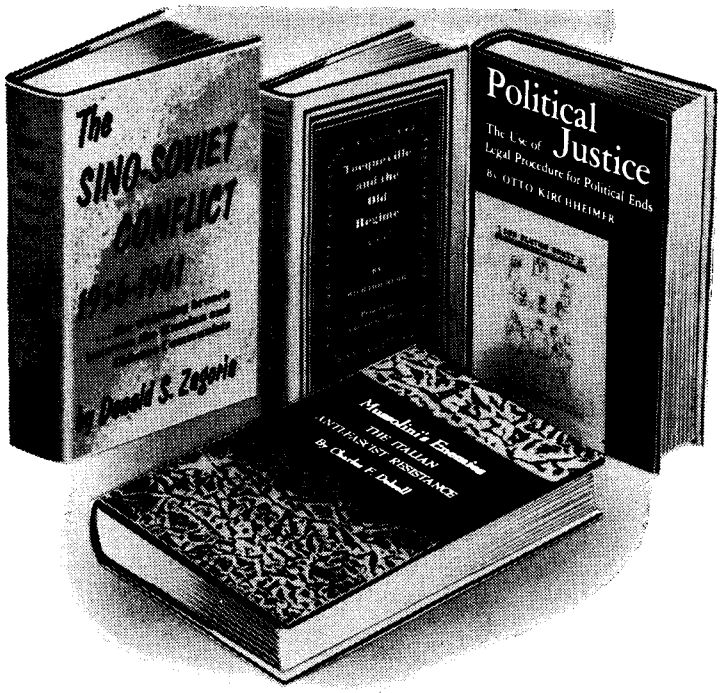
and supposedly intelligent men are suddenly discovering that buildings where they have eaten meat and drunk strong waters for years do not admit just any and all citizens of the Republic.

Take the case of Robert Wagner, the mayor of one of our most enlightened and forward-looking cities, who has already resigned from the New York Athletic Club and is casting about for still other ways to work for the brotherhood of man. The *Mirror* informs us that "BOB HUNTS BIAS IN HIS 31 CLUBS," and an aide has indicated that he will "take appropriate action" if he finds any. Now since by definition as well as Constitutional guarantee, private associations admit some and do not admit others, the opportunities for righteous indignation should be copious. Are there any Seventh Day Adventists in the Catholic War Veterans or any Harvard men in the Yale Club? Mr. Wagner also belongs to one or two country clubs which presumably do not include in their membership very many poor people, another more or less significant minority group.

But this, of course, is not the sort of bias Bob is hunting. People don't really mind being rejected by categories so long as it only happens occasionally on a sort of hit-or-miss basis or when they couldn't care less about being let in anyway. But they do tend to get worked up if they find that they are rejected systematically or herded together in their own separate but equal confraternities, and then they are likely to act on that age-old principle of democracy in action: if you can't join 'em, lick 'em. Negroes and Jews have plenty of reason to be sensitive on this score these days, and Mr. Wagner will certainly take appropriate action if it develops that any of his clubs discriminate against members of these two groups—which, taken together, incidentally, must constitute something not far from a majority of the voters of New York City.

A number of public figures are hearing the call of conscience, and surely every American must look forward to the day when he can be confident that if he's blackballed by a private club it will be only because he is a bore. But under the circumstances it is not always easy to tell heroism from hypocrisy.



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What one felt during the long hours of John Glenn's adventure must be written down before time blurs the quality of those hours. It had nothing to do with that mass exhilaration that makes one lose his identity. Rather, those were intensely personal hours in which each one of us, I suppose, felt the burden of his loneliness, in no way like that lonely man in outer space, but certainly because of him. With him, we knew at every moment that the adventure might end in disaster. But the risk was all his.

Each one of us was a spectator, safely attached to his speck of land here on earth, made self-conscious and certainly awed by his distance from him. But deep inside each one there was a stirring, a tenseness that was just the opposite of a spectator's detachment. A heroic action was being performed that we kept following minute by minute, never losing our contact with the hero, constantly fearing that the contact would break, never relieved of the awareness that he was acting for us.

Each of us, I suppose, reacted differently throughout those hours; and the thoughts or prejudices we might have had before the adventure and about the adventure itself came back, though somehow tuned down: like the irritation, for instance, over the enormous publicity surrounding all the Cape Canaveral experiments, the merciless coverage by the radio and TV networks, and the why, oh, why, has the whole thing to be done, this whole outer-space competition with the Russians. Yet at the moment the capsule was launched into space, who did not feel like praying, or wish he knew how? It was so until we were told that Colonel Glenn was safe: an intimate yet unanimous emotion, personal yet collective, shared by the whole nation and well beyond its borders.

To understand better what has happened, to establish some link between this latest adventure and similar ones in the past, the mind goes back to other deeds that gave the nation and the world a sense of proud cohesiveness. One thinks, of course, of Lindbergh's flight. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when the news came to the little Italian university town where I was teaching. People felt stirred there, as everywhere in the world, by what that clean-cut, sober young American had done. He is such a typical American, people said, such an honest and daring puritan. Never to that degree before had I felt that modesty and daring were among the typical characteristics of the country which, a few years later, was to become mine.

Each one of these great, individual, immensely representative deeds is unique in itself, although their list makes a continuity of greatness. John Glenn's orbital flight owes its uniqueness both to the appalling technological complexity of the devices which made it possible and to the means of communication which gave us and will forever give to future generations some knowledge of his flight from the Go to the landing.

For what was given us during that time, and for what we felt inside, we owe an enormous debt of gratitude to our radio and TV networks, to our free institutions, and to the men of Project Mercury. These men themselves insist on telling us how limited and tentative their knowledge of space travel is; how, as John Glenn himself put it, they have just started scratching the surface. They, the experts in a new, fantastically esoteric branch of technology, tell us of their comparative ignorance. But what about us, the vicarious participants in their exploits? What do most of us know about the TV sets we were glued to during those four hours, or the transistor radios we clutched? We will never forget the mystery of John Glenn's adventure and our closeness to him. He and his colleagues have made us feel that man may have extended a bit his reach into the skies, but is not likely to dislodge God.

The people on the other side, the countrymen of Gagarin and Titov, certainly rejoiced and danced when they were told the great news and the two live heroes were exhibited to them. Yet the Russian people deserve some better compensation for their hard work and their drab life. But between the people and their heroes there is the government that rations the news and decides what is good for the public to know. The Russian people were told the tale; they did not live it.

There is no possible comparison between the Russian conquests in orbit and ours. Gagarin and Titov may be as brave and as skillful as our John Glenn, just as the human qualities of the Russian people are as good as ours. But there is no possible comparison between the two systems of doing things. The way our system operated in the case of John Glenn's flight is even more important than the results of that flight. Indeed, it has been its main result: we have felt united, but as persons who have lived through a great day. We have felt humbled by John Glenn's trial, close to each other, proud of our free institutions and of John Glenn. It has been a very good feeling.

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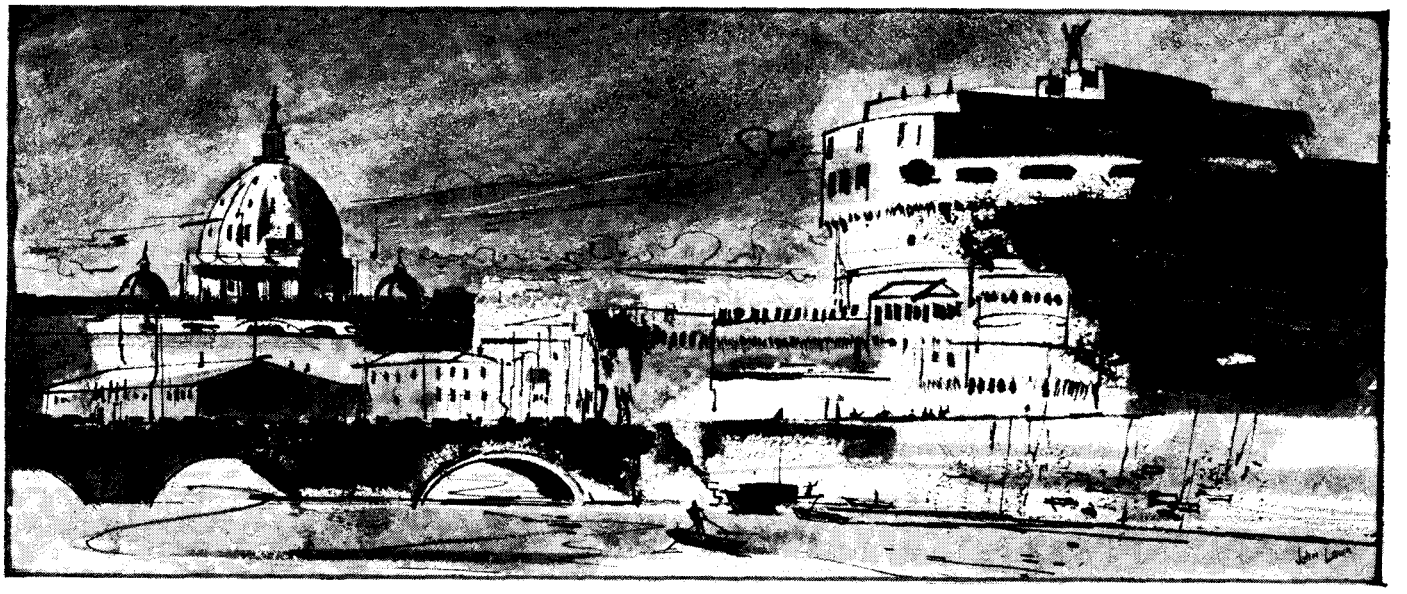

Italy's 'Opening to the Left'

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

NOW THAT ALL the Italian political parties concerned have settled the interminable argument about opening to the Left by deciding to do it, the high tension of these past few weeks has given way to a mood of expectancy. The adventure is difficult and dangerous, but, it is said, it may change a political way of life that has been in a rut for more than a dozen years.

The four democratic parties have never been able to poll more than fifty-eight per cent of the national vote, and barely more than fifty per cent from 1953 onward. In the last election, in 1958, the Christian Democrats had 42.2 per cent; the Social Democrats 4.6 per cent; the Republicans 1.7 per cent; the Liberals 3.5 per cent. The four parties had to maintain a measure of agreement among themselves—or else. Their majority has been slowly but constantly eroded, and their togetherness has not given them much freedom of action in tackling the country's problems. This has made the prospect of further erosions only too menacing and the need to break the vicious circle more imperative.

But how? There could be no alternative government coming from the Left, where the Communists in the last election had twenty-three per cent of the vote and their Socialist allies fourteen. On the extreme Right stood about ten per cent of the popular vote. And even if the seven factions of the Christian Democratic Party had managed to stay united while opening to the Right, the result would have been violence from the Left, if not civil war.

Although the Christian Democrats have managed to stay in power by one or another variation of the four-party formula, their cabinets have been falling with depressing regularity at the rate of about one a year, while accumulating domestic problems have been left half resolved or unresolved. For instance, Italy has been spending less on schools than any Western European country except Spain; its judicial system still leans heavily on Mussolini's legal code; its southern peasants still live in degrading misery; and its millionaires are the most skillful tax dodgers on the Continent.

YET SINCE 1954, consumption here has risen forty-eight per cent, investments 110 per cent, imports 130 per cent, exports 160 per cent. The fact that such extraordinary progress has taken place might suggest that Italians can get along perfectly well with this sort of part-time government (if not, as they often say, with no government at all). But with Italy swiftly pulling abreast of Europe's most advanced industrial nations, economic progress, if it is to continue, demands an adequate governmental structure. A jet-propelled public and private economy cannot tolerate outdated, inefficient governmental machinery. It has gradually become plain to democratic leaders, therefore, that they must somehow secure the parliamentary and popular support needed for a program of social reform—and that there is only one place to look for it if they

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are to broaden and consolidate the majority on which the various Christian Democratic cabinets have been based.

True, there is still no possibility of having an alternative democratic government, considering that the Communists are the major opposition party. But no one wants to write off the left-wing Socialists as beyond redemption, and after ten years of public debate the Catholic Party in its Naples convention of January decided by an overwhelming vote to try what is called the opening to the Left.

What is actually involved is that the Christian Democrats, together with the Republicans and the Social Democrats, are supposed to move in the direction of Nenni's Socialists, while the latter are expected to slide over somewhat toward the Center. Not all of them, though: at best, following their leader, Pietro Nenni, half of his four million working-class voters may come within the democratic fold. The other half will continue to keep company with the Communists.

If, as is hoped, fifty-six per cent of the Socialists are now willing, even eager, to support a center government, this still doesn't mean that they are altogether on the democrats' side or that the pro-Communists are on the other. The Socialists here have long been torn between a sincere wish to strengthen Italy's frail democratic institutions and a dogmatic Marxist insistence on working-class unity. Yet they have not been insensitive to things that have happened abroad and in their own country: Hungary, Khrushchev's anti-Stalin campaign, Italy's prodigious economic growth belying Marxist forecasts—these events have aroused in a large number of Socialists the wish to play a role within Italian democracy.

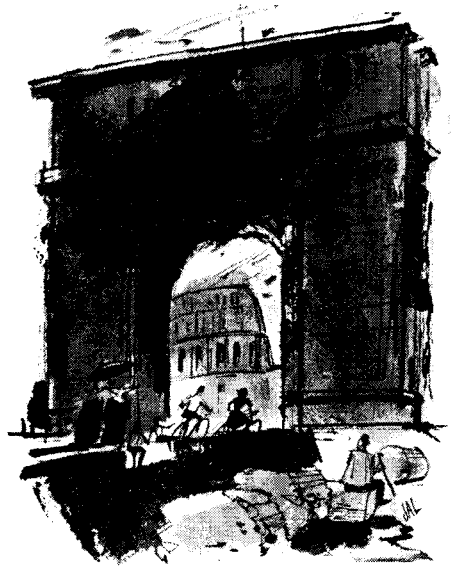
Essentially this is what the advocates of an opening to the Left mean when they talk of the Socialist Party's progress toward democratic maturity. While they don't think it has come far enough to be trusted fully, they argue that it wouldn't come much further without substantial evidence that collaboration with the democratic parties can be worthwhile.

The new cabinet of Amintore Fanfani does not include any Socialists. It is composed predominantly of Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, and Republicans. But as the three parties together lack a majority in parliament and deliberately reject support from the conservative Liberals, they must rely on a number of Nenni's eighty-six deputies to stay in power.

What Nenni Wants

Nenni has promised to back them on the basis of a seventeen-point program that in general terms reaffirms Italy's loyalty to the West, excludes any "compromise with the totalitarian Left," and advocates major reforms in such fields as taxes and the nationalization of energy, schools, the civil service, the judiciary, social welfare, agriculture, and the modernization of the chronically depressed south. Both sides agree to go on with the tentative marriage until the general election in April next year.

Nenni has been playing with the idea of a Catholic-Socialist alliance since 1954, but he has always



been prevented by the obsessive fear of losing his followers along the way. He has constantly dreaded that he might suffer the fate of Giuseppe Saragat, who because of his devotion to democracy quit the Socialist Party in 1947 and whose Social Democratic Party now polls barely more than a million votes (middle-class votes at that). To avoid this fate Nenni has insisted on commitments from the Catholic Party that would reassure his supporters. His planks are drawn from the stock repertory of Socialist and Communist campaigns over the past decade. Like those of an American party platform, they are presumably not meant to be taken very literally.

One might question the wisdom, for instance, of spending $2.5 billion to nationalize the electrical industry when the government, which already has in its hands half the industry, could use its power to control the rest. The Christian Democrats don't much mind nationalization anyway, since so much of the economy is government-owned or -controlled. They do mind, however, setting up the regional governments Nenni insists on, for only the Communists can gain from that. Though conceived in the constitution as a way to decentralize the nation, the first three regional governments set up so far (Val d'Aosta, Sardinia, Sicily) have turned out to be expensive and wasteful duplications of the national government. They might allow the Communists to govern in the sections cutting from sea to sea across north central Italy, where, either alone or with the Socialists, they have enough votes to control the regional parliaments.

Then there is the matter of state planning, one of Nenni's cardinal conditions. Since the economic miracle has left many bumps and sags in the economy, the country could certainly use some rational planning, especially for the benefit of the South. But an incautious dose of the doctrinaire Socialist kind could kill the goose that has laid so many golden eggs. There is no overwhelming concern among the bigger industrialists, who might find ways of coping with stricter governmental discipline, but thousands of smaller ones are already showing signs of panic.

In Naples, Fanfani spoke of sleepless nights to come. But acute insomnia may be in store for him if what the Socialists ask in the matter of foreign policy is to be taken literally. They are avowed neutralists, while the democratic parties are pro-western; and as Saragat himself points out, the idea that there is such a thing as a semi-ally or a semi-neutralist is "solemn foolishness."

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Still, Saragat has maintained that a way out is possible, by treating the alliance as a defensive arrangement. The Socialists do not ask that Italy renounce its Atlantic commitments or withdraw from NATO, or even close down NATO's missile ramps on Italian territory: "The colossal error has already been made," says Nenni's closest lieutenant, Riccardo Lombardi, of this last. *"Pazienza."* What they do ask is that Italy work "actively" within the alliance for a global understanding with Russia—thus rendering the alliance itself ultimately unnecessary—and work just as actively against any acts liable to aggravate international tension, "including those committed by the eastern side." Meanwhile, they would expect the Italian government to correct certain monopolistic habits in the Common Market, play a more independent role in the UN, help liquidate colonialism, and give all possible aid and comfort to the Afro-Asian world.

Admittedly, tendencies of this kind have already been evidenced by some Christian Democratic leaders, but it is disingenuous for advocates of the opening to say that Italian foreign policy will amount to little more than a diplomatic preference for the Kennedy-Macmillan position as against Adenauer's or de Gaulle's. No one who knows the Italian Socialists would think them likely, for instance, to agree with Kennedy on Cuba or with Macmillan on Katanga. As for the nuclear armament of NATO, the Socialists have already taken an explicit stand: they will give no support to the government unless it fights unequivocally against delivering nuclear arms to West Germany, through NATO or otherwise. They do not say, but one can't help wondering, what they would expect the government to do if it were to fight for this policy in the NATO Council and were to be overruled.

Democratic leaders say that the Socialist Party's stand on such matters would not be decisive, since the conduct of Italian foreign policy would be safely in their own hands. The foreign minister in the new cabinet is still Antonio Segni, a staunch advocate of the western alliance, who has always been skeptical about the opening to the Left. Nevertheless, the government will be answerable for its conduct to a party that dislikes the very idea of NATO. Under these circumstances, it is hard to see how Italy can avoid a change of posture within the Atlantic alliance—marked enough to deprive the

alliance of the solidarity it often lacks but surely needs.

Even so, it is pointed out, a strong democratic Italy could be much more valuable to the West than a weak one that merely votes correctly in western councils—especially if the democrats' strength has been gained at the expense of the biggest Communist Party in Western Europe.

Lately, however, the Communist Party itself, through its leader, Palmiro Togliatti, has made it plain that it is far from being afraid of losing strength as a result of the opening to the Left, and it has accepted the idea of the opening—with a vengeance.

Togliatti's Me-Too Tactics

Until a few weeks ago, the Communists were fighting hard against the whole operation, which they defined as a transparent plot to "maintain a clerical monopoly of power, defend bourgeois interests, split the working-class movement, and isolate the Communist Party." But their line suddenly switched in early February. "We must not fall into the error," Togliatti solemnly told his central committee, "of thinking that closer Socialist relations with the Christian Democrats would necessarily mean a split of the working masses. The prospects will be new, but more favorable." He lectured the Socialist purists and warned them not to follow the infantile or dogmatic tendencies of those pre-Fascist Socialist leaders who turned down a chance to govern because they did not want to wear striped pants and pay a protocol visit to the king. The Socialist purists, he said, were "incapable of understanding the transformations taking place in our society." They should not follow the antiquated prejudices of their fathers and grandfathers, "when the workers' movement did not know how to insert itself in the bourgeois maneuver, enlarge the breach, seize the initiative, and force the conservatives' plan to fail. We must avoid a repetition of that error."

The move was perhaps to be expected, since Togliatti has threatened for years to embarrass the Socialists in just this way: "I will always be prepared," he once said, "to go as far as Comrade Nenni goes—only farther." Togliatti is a man who keeps his word. With Togliatti present at the democratic get-together as an uninvited guest, the Socialists may be released from too close an obedience to the specific terms of the agreement they have reached, while the Communists, saved from isolation, may acquire a certain measure of respectability.

This is a fairly transparent scheme, but it cannot be dismissed merely as that. The Communist leaders do, of course, want with all their hearts to prevent a final assertion of Socialist independence, which would take away their last hopes of ever reaching power here through the ballot. But that is not the only reason for their present strategy. The Italian Communist Party has been undergoing a severe internal crisis for some time now, not only because of Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign—although that is the biggest single factor—but also because Togliatti's own obstinate predictions about the fatal decline of Italian capitalism

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have proved so spectacularly wrong. With the country getting richer every day, and a Center-Left government setting out resolutely to correct social imbalances, the Communist leaders would have immense difficulty in explaining to their seven million voters why they should oppose such a government. Therefore as good politicians they have decided that if they can't lick the Nenni Socialists the best course is to join them.

The democrats still believe—or hope—that Togliatti must end by opposing this Center-Left government anyway. After all, they point out, it is an anti-Communist government, and moreover it is pro-western; if Togliatti can manage to overcome his repugnance on the first count, he will find it desperately hard to do so on the second. The Communists' obligations to Moscow do not permit them to take liberties with the Kremlin. Togliatti has already demanded that the Fanfani cabinet prove its peace-loving intentions by signing a series of nonaggression pacts with the Soviet Union and the satellite countries.

IF A TRUE TEST of Socialist independence is needed, it should be coming fairly soon. But even if it is delayed, the Christian Democrats do not show any visible discouragement. Contrary to some reports, the decision was not thrust on them by their own left wing. The leader who carried the Naples convention wasn't Fanfani, a long-time advocate of the opening to the Left, but the party's political secretary, Aldo Moro, who is the spokesman for the far more conservative center faction and a man generally respected for the integrity of his character. Two years ago the party's right wing had been able to block this same operation because of violent Church disapproval, but the Vatican has now given, if not formal approval, at least its tacit consent. As Italy's traditional postwar ruling party, the Christian Democrats have gone on record as favoring a policy of thorough social renewal. With prosperity acting as a tranquilizer, they have felt that this is the moment to make an opening to the Left—or at least to make a show of their willingness to try it.

Are We Really Standing Firm in Berlin?

DAVID BINDER

WEST BERLIN

THERE ARE few western and no Communist officials in Berlin inclined to believe that, up to now, there has been any real danger of total war in the allied-Communist dispute over the isolated city. The moves and countermoves that have taken place may have involved the use of tanks and guns, but they have been of a political rather than a military character. Certainly the Communists, who do not take risks lightly, were convinced of this when they built the wall and reinforced it during August and September. On the western side, only the French government appears to have refused to take the Russian threats at face value, and President de Gaulle has consistently opposed negotiation or concessions on the issue. Allied officials on the scene who minimize the risk of war consider that the dangers of miscalculation which could lead to a nuclear holocaust are practically nil. They point out that blockading of the land access routes and the substantial interference with allied flights in the air corridors are by now familiar to both sides. Since the wall, the Communists have intensified their interference with land access and most recently have made probes in the air corridors. Obviously they have not miscalculated, for the allied response has been confined to frequent "stiff protests" and only an occasional countermeasure.

In fact, there is every reason to believe that Premier Khrushchev and Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader, do not take much stock in the declarations about "defending Berlin" and maintaining "allied rights" that have been periodically intoned in Washington and London. Rather they have moved ahead on what appears to be an accelerated schedule in an offensive against West Berlin, an offensive designed ultimately to create what they call "the free demilitarized city of West Berlin"—perhaps even to swallow it.

THIS is what worries many responsible American observers in Berlin. They feel now that the allied policy pattern of vacillation, retreat, and begging for negotiations has created an ever-increasing potential of miscalculation. Where they saw no real risk of war before, they now see Berlin heading for a period when the peril of war becomes acute precisely because allied policies are habitually stated in ringing phrases without convincing follow-up. On the other hand, the Communists have been spoiled by success and are steadily moving forward, taking one bite after another as long as they can get away with it.

The Communists have repeatedly proclaimed their aims and so have the allies. But until now only the Communists have acted according to their stated principles—by remaining intransigent in negotiation and by pushing continuously against the western position. Allied deeds have not measured up to allied words, and the Berliners know it as well as the Russians. President Kennedy said the West would fight to protect the access routes. But since the erection of the wall the Communists have repeatedly held up trains and trucks,

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and they have reduced the number of rail exit points on the West Berlin periphery from five to one. In none of these instances did the West take firm action. When the East German régime put up tank barriers across the Friedrichstrasse, the lone crossing point for foreigners between East and West Berlin, a reporter asked a West Berliner what he thought the Americans would do in retaliation. "Maybe they'll go on a hunger strike," said the Berliner, in a capsule statement of the city's disappointment with allied policy. From their distant capitals the allies have pleaded for acceptance of the status quo in Berlin, failing to recognize that there is no status quo. Instead there is a state of flux, murky and unfathomable.

General Without a Command

It was to cope with this state of affairs that the President appointed General Lucius D. Clay his personal representative in Berlin. In making the appointment he expressed his "unusual confidence" in the man who had been most responsible for the Berlin airlift. The retired general was given the powers to "report, recommend, and advise" on Berlin—that is, to exchange views with the allied commandants and then to report his views to Mr. Kennedy.

When Clay arrived on September 19, he found a rapidly deteriorating situation: the wall growing higher and thicker and the allies backing away from the assertion of their rights. A man of action and a man used to command, the general took charge. Two days later he flew to the tiny enclave of Steinstücken, a piece of West Berlin located a half mile inside East German territory, to underscore American intentions to hold on. A day later he ordered the resumption of military police patrols on the Autobahn, a practice that had been dropped nine years earlier in the face of Soviet harassment.

Then, only seven days after Clay arrived, General Bruce Clarke, commander of United States forces in Europe, flew to Berlin to tell Clay he could not use the Army to counteract the Communists without clearing each action through headquarters in Heidelberg. Though Clay was hobbled, he could still move. He gained support from our ambassador at Bonn, Walter C. Dowling, who has always been close to him, and from the American commandant, Major General Albert E. Watson, who showed his willingness to follow a policy of an eye for an eye against the Communists.

The next test came when East German border guards attempted to impose identity controls on American State Department officials entering East Berlin. Clay and Watson answered by forcing entry of these civilians with military police escorts armed with bayonets. Then they sent a tank unit to the Friedrichstrasse. Their aim was to make the Soviets display their responsibility under the four-power statute for such controls on the sector border. American and Soviet tanks faced each

other muzzle to muzzle on the Friedrichstrasse on October 27. A day later Washington ordered the American tanks to pull back. Had the risk of war seemed too great? Clay answered that shooting would have been most unlikely in such an unmilitary deployment of armor. The general's initiatives were reversed not by the Kremlin but by the State Department. Within a week the department ordered a sharp cut in visits of U.S. personnel to East Berlin, visits undertaken to stress the validity of the four-power status. And on October 30 the military police patrols on the Autobahn were also stopped.

But the State Department was not through with its efforts to trim General Clay's authority. Nor was the Army. Clay was in Washington for the mid-November meetings between Chancellor Adenauer and President Kennedy. At that time Secretary of State Rusk met privately with West German Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder to draw up a new "contractual basis" for relations between the Bonn government and West Berlin as a potential concession to the Russians. Clay's name was added to the protocol of the Rusk-Schroeder meeting as having attended. He learned of this ten days later and naturally was not pleased. Here was a vital policy change affecting the future of Berlin and he was not even advised, much less consulted.

In the middle of December, Army headquarters in Heidelberg transmitted a message to General Watson, the Berlin commandant, advising him that his "discretionary powers" in dealing with incidents in Berlin had been substantially reduced. Henceforth, Watson was to clear his actions through Heidelberg and NATO headquarters in Paris. Clay felt the Watson order was indirectly a blow at his authority, and for this reason he flew to Washington on January 5 to confer with President Kennedy and Secretary Rusk. A good bit of the story was leaked to the press by Clay's opponents in the State Department before he ever got to the capital. Apparently the general obtained little satisfaction from the consultations, and he returned to Berlin with no new powers.

Meanwhile, British diplomats, anxious to press a policy of negotiation with the Russians, came up with a plan for restoring contacts between the Soviet commandant and the three western commandants in Berlin, contacts that had been broken at Christmastime when the Communists made it impossible for American officials to visit their Soviet counterparts without being subjected to the border controls of the East German police. At that time Clay and Watson gained approval in Washington for the ban they had imposed on the Soviet commandant, preventing him from entering the American sector as a reprisal for the Communist actions. In an about-face, on January 23 the State Department adopted the British plan for re-establishing allied-Russian communications. General Clay objected to no avail. So far the British plan has borne no fruit for the allies.

General Clay knew in 1961, as he

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knew in 1948, that the only way to stem the Communist tide was to act promptly and forcefully. He acted, doubtless overstepping the bounds of his original authority. But his measures, undermined by officials in Washington and western Europe, were turned into half measures which resulted in defeat and reverses. In the process it seems he also lost much of the "unusual confidence" placed in him by the President last August. At the same time, the trepidation of the President and the State Department over Berlin and their refusal to back Clay in decisive moments has seriously damaged the credibility of allied determination to defend the city.

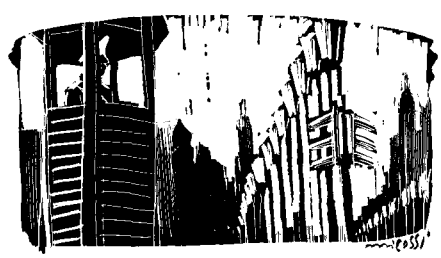
The Soviet Goals

The Communist aim is obviously to obtain recognition of the Ulbricht régime from the allies and to bring to an end their military presence in Berlin. Recent East German and Soviet policy declarations show clearly that the Communists intend to reduce the allied presence in West Berlin from a *de jure* to a *de facto* basis. Simultaneously they intend to raise the East German Communist government from *de facto* status to a *de jure* status as controller and arbiter of West Berlin's future. The decisive drive began with the building of the wall. The steady erosion of remaining allied rights in Berlin went on from there.

Curiously, there was a sudden reversal of the Communist agenda last October 17, when Premier Khrushchev called off his December 31 deadline for the signing of a German peace treaty "with or without the western powers." Allied willingness to negotiate over Berlin was the reason, he said. But the barrenness of the Thompson-Gromyko talks proves that Khrushchev was not truly interested in negotiation—not when he could make physical gains in Berlin. Directly after the Twenty-second Soviet Communist Party Congress, Khrushchev opened the new diplomatic offensive on Berlin. On November 9, he called in the West German ambassador, Hans Kroll, and presented him with an alluring prospect of a Berlin settlement predicated on a few seemingly slight West German concessions.

During November, the East German régime shifted gears and began making overtures to the detested Bonn government—a "minimal program" for a "modus vivendi" between the two Germanys, as the ailing Premier Otto Grotewohl described it in a letter to Chancellor Adenauer on November 30. Ulbricht made similar bids in his speech to the plenary session of his Socialist Unity Party's central committee. The Soviet Union went even further with an *aide-mémoire* to the Bonn government on December 27 in which it tried to tempt the West German government with prospects of large trade markets.

Since then the Russians have dropped broad hints that they would like Premier Khrushchev to visit



Bonn this spring for consultations on Berlin and related matters. While Adenauer has turned a deaf ear to these bids, his coalition partners, the Free Democrats, have openly supported the idea of a rapprochement. So has the British Foreign Office.

THE OBJECT of the new Communist strategy is the same as the old: a "free city of West Berlin" and a sovereign East German state around it. However, prior to October 17 the Soviet Union and East Germany intended first to create a "legal" document, the peace treaty, which would provide a "juridical" tool against the allied position in Berlin. Step by step they intended to create the situation spelled out in the peace treaty—the free city and the sovereign Ulbricht state. Then they reversed the process. They called off the peace-treaty deadline and began to create the new "legal" situation step by step. Eventually the peace treaty would merely ratify a *fait accompli*.

The recent buzzing incidents in the air corridors could be viewed as an example of this tactic. By flying in the corridors, the Russians seek to establish the precedent of Communist presence. Later the buzzing job can be transferred to the East Germans.

Qualified allied observers believe the Communist goal is to lure West Germany out of its Berlin involvement long enough to lay effective siege to the allies' access rights. The advantage of this would be to break the western front and to limit the scale of western reprisals. The most telling countermeasure at this stage would be the termination of the Interzone Trade Agreement, which provides East Germany with a number of West German goods but is of little economic value to the Federal Republic. The threat of terminating interzonal trade was effective a year ago, enabling the West to wring concessions from the East Germans.

But if the Communists were to succeed in "neutralizing" West Germany for a time, potential countermeasures by the West would be on a severely limited scale, and the attrition of allied rights could be brought to its conclusion. Under such conditions the "definition" of the western commitments to Berlin would be even less clear than it is today, and the Communists would feel free to make further incursions.

In drawing this conclusion, the American authorities (including a few members of the State Department) who are most pessimistic about Berlin feel that the only way to head off such a development is to act immediately and convincingly to show the Communists where we stand on Berlin. Mere statements of principle, no matter how finely worded, are not enough, they say. We must stand by such statements and demonstrate that we are willing to act to defend every part and parcel of the Berlin position, allied and West German, be it air traffic, canal tolls, truck passage, or movement of civilians on trains.

Experience has shown that the surest way to convince the Communists of western resolve is not by formal protests, solemn declarations, or threats of using the bomb but by quick countermeasures against harassment and infringements of rights. It was to carry through these policies that General Clay went to Berlin.

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The Split Personality of Soviet Literature

An eyewitness report on the new 'conspiracy of feelings' against robotism

PETER VIERECK

"Saviors against autocracy" is what the anti-czarist rebel Vissarion Belinsky proclaimed in 1847 as the role of Russian writers. Then as now, Russian writers have been divided on whether to take on this dangerous role.

During last October's Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, Americans paid almost exclusive attention to such exciting melodramas as the ideological conflict with Red China and the untombing of Stalin's corpse. Almost no attention was paid to a very different kind of dispute, on the surface a literary one but with vast indirect political implications. This dispute came to a public head-on collision when two of the Soviet Union's most influential editors delivered rival speeches at the congress.

Alexander Tvardovsky's speech at the October congress advocated a more "truthful" literature, by artists free from fear and official pap. Vsevolod Kochetov's rebuttal advocated a return to the heroic propaganda "literature" that was typical of the Stalin era. The exchange brought into the open an intellectual crisis that has long been developing in Russia.

In 1961 I traveled in Soviet Russia as a "cultural exchange" poet and historian. I was in fact the last writer to stay on there in the Soviet-American exchange program, which expired last year and has so far not been renewed. Politics aside (my disagreement with Communism being complete), my most repeated experience was the spontaneous warmheartedness of the ordinary Russian people. They were certainly not the robotized, humorless militants we have sometimes been led to believe. Earlier I traveled with America's outstanding lyricist, Richard Wilbur, both of us known to the Soviet literary world in translation.

During September and October I attended (and addressed) meetings of the Soviet Writers Union and the Gorky Institute for young writers, among others. I participated in different kinds of public readings by Soviet poets, including the meeting of mid-September (unnoted by the American press at the time) where Yevgeny Yevtushenko first read "Babi Yar," his now famous poem against anti-Semitism. In Moscow I had long talks with Yevtushenko as well as with such influential Soviet writers as Leonid Leonov, Ilya Ehrenburg, Konstantin Simonov, and Alexei Surkov. Outside the capital I met two Georgian poets in the Caucasus, was the guest of the rather debonair Writers Union of Leningrad, and got to know Asia's leading Uzbek writers in Tashkent and Samarkand. I have kept notes on my conversations with most of these writers. All of them are sincerely loyal to Communism and to the Soviet government. All writers I talked to stayed within "correct" official lines, as expected under a dictatorship. But they understand Communism in very different ways. Their split concerns the momentous question of how and where Russia should evolve after the national trauma symbolized by Stalingrad's becoming Volgograd. By and large, they tend to split into the two opposed camps represented by the editors Tvardovsky and Kochetov. What are these two camps?

Kochetov's Brand of Stalinism

Kochetov's best-known novel, *The Yershov Brothers* (1958), is the neo-Stalinist reply to Vladimir Dudintsev's widely debated *Not by Bread Alone* (1956), which defends the creative intellectual against the careerist party bureaucrat. Kochetov's novel defends the "booster" bureaucrat against the "knocker" intellectual. It exploits, in precisely the manner of Joseph McCarthy, the Soviet ruling class's fear of eggheads: they are dreaded as fomenters of revolution, such as had frightened it in Hungary in 1956.

What about Kochetov's own literery merits? They are praised by the mass media. They are praised by the successful, status-exuding middlebrows of Soviet society. They are derided, bitterly derided, by most of the more serious writers. Take, for example, the reception of his novel of 1961, *Secretary of the Oblast Committee*, which among other things pillories and parodies Yevtushenko without mentioning the man who wrote "Babi Yar" by name. Two widely circulating nonliterary newspapers praised this novel to the skies. But it was panned by the Moscow *Literary Gazette* (December 16, 1961) for failing to take a clear stand against Stalin's methods. Here, of course, is the key issue between the

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Tvardovsky and Kochetov camps: namely, Tvardovsky's desire to attack not only Stalin (whom even Kochetov now denounces) but Stalinism in general.

A second and related issue comes from Tvardovsky's insistence on literary merit. Before being deposed in 1958 from his job as editor of *Literary Gazette,* Kochetov had argued that manuscripts be judged mainly on party-line soundness instead of "mere" literary merit. This position was greatly strengthened when a new magazine, called *Literature and Life,* joined the argument. The new magazine argued (September 6, 1959) that, since the "mastery of writers" varies, it is snobbish to reject manuscripts "which in the opinion of the editors are not outstanding," so long as such manuscripts "occupy the correct ideological-political positions" that are too often lacking in better-written works. *Literature and Life,* incidentally, had been founded in 1958, with party encouragement, by the local Writers Union of the Russian Soviet Republic specifically to serve as a watchdog against the more tolerant policies of the Writers Union of the U.S.S.R.

Tvardovsky Wants a Thaw

Against all these forces stands Tvardovsky, with far less support than Kochetov from old-line party bureaucrats but with overwhelming support from serious writers. Born in 1910, Tvardovsky is no detached intellectual critic, no pure aesthete. He is a sincere and ardent Communist idealist, a war veteran, a writer of patriotic war poetry, and a party member since 1938. He is also an honest man, not a great man but nonetheless one who is fighting for a great cause: the humanizing of harsh mechanical Communism, a limited yet very real increase of freedom not only for writers but for Soviet society as a whole. Despite his conventional fidelity to Communism—or perhaps because of it—he is the recognized spokesman and protector of those favoring a warm thaw for the Russian soul after its long freeze.

In his long poem "Distance Beyond Distance," sections of which appeared in *Pravda* of April 29 and May 1, 1960, he goes much deeper in anti-Stalinism than do most of the former aides of Stalin who are now in power. It advocates political maturity for Russia to prevent any repetition of the Stalin era, and it won the Lenin Prize in 1961.

THE THEME of a new, hard-earned "maturity" is characteristic of Russia's intellectual struggle today. It appears frequently, for example, in the novels as well as in the conversation of Ilya Ehrenburg. A skillful Soviet apologist but also a truly effective advocate of the post-Stalinist thaw that took its name from his 1954 novel, *The Thaw,* Ehrenburg told me that the Soviet people, uneducated and hoodwinked under Stalin, are today educated and mature and hence will insist on winning much more political freedom in the future.

Surrounded by copies of *Le Monde* and paintings (personally inscribed to him) by Picasso, with a bottle of twenty-year-old Armagnac at his elbow, the gray-haired Ehrenburg struck me as the most sardonic man I encountered in Moscow. He warned me against visiting Sochi on the Black Sea, calling it "a proletarianized Nice." He explained why Yevtushenko's love poetry had drawn the condemnation of "that curse of Russian literary life, Soviet puritanism": Yevtushenko's verse is guilty of revealing the state secret that there is a physical difference between men and women.

The literary debates take many forms and often move directly into the realm of politics. While it is rumored that Tvardovsky gets invited for private readings at Khrushchev's parties, Kochetov seems to be secretly linked with the Stalinists; he has attacked a pet Khrushchev project, the machine-tractor stations.

Soviet Russia is ruled by the Khrushchev-dominated central committee of the Communist Party. Since the Twenty-second Congress, it consists of 175 full members and 155 candidate members. This supreme body attaches particular importance to writers. To keep a balance between the two rival literary factions, the congress handed a plum to each: Tvardovsky became a candidate member of the central committee; Kochetov was appointed to the only slightly subsidiary central inspection committee.

Full membership in the central committee has gone to an unclassifiable literary maverick who disdains both sides: Mikhail Sholokhov, author of the Don novels, of which the first one (*And Quiet Flows the Don,* 1928) is still the best-known Soviet book in America. Although Sholokhov's work is touted at home as a splendid example of "socialist realism," the beauty of his novels lies partly in their avoidance of the black-and-white political stereotypes demanded by Kochetov. But Sholokhov, with a Slavophile's mystique about rural Russia, distrusts the western-urban aspects of Tvardovsky's position.

Slavophiles vs. Westernizers

In fact, anyone who rereads the nineteenth-century debates between the monarchical Slavophiles and the outward-looking, reformist westernizers must recognize the continuity of Russian intellectual history. The jargon of Marxism merely conceals, in the Kochetov-Tvardovsky debate, an ancient Russian split between Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, between eastward-facing Moscow and westward-facing Petersburg. The independent Sholokhov distrusts those who want to change Mother Russia, and in his speech at the congress he spoke scathingly of writers who prefer the soft snobbish life of the big city, walled off from reality. He also spoke of "grandstand poets" who "show off" before "the hysterical cries of vulgar girls," corrupted by western influences. He named no names; this is a rule of the game in Soviet literary polemics. But everyone knew that Tvardovsky and Yevtushenko were being attacked.

The two chief protagonists of the battle met head-on at the Twenty-second Congress. Tvardovsky spoke of the worry some authors feel about what should and what should not be told the reader, which represents concessions to Stalinism's "spirit of suspicion . . . especially disastrous for the arts." Kochetov attacked "aesthetes among the critics" who sneer at "writers who joyfully give their pen to the party . . ."

These two men are the generals, the leaders of cultural forces locked

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in a struggle whose issue is still far from certain. What about the forces that follow them? Tvardovsky edits Russia's leading literary journal, *New World*. Its pro-thaw position has been supported cautiously by the *Literary Gazette* and boldly by *Youth*. Their fiercest rival is Kochetov's anti-thaw journal, *October*, supported cautiously by the Leningrad *Neva* and boldly by *Literature and Life*.

That makes three on each side, or at least it did until a few weeks ago. The January, 1962, issue of *Youth* still lists as chief editor the well-known independent-minded author Valentin Katayev. But the *Literary Gazette* of January 27, 1962, in a small black box on page 2 reminiscent of the shockingly unstressed announcement of Pasternak's death, announced with evident regret that Katayev had been "relieved of his duties as chief editor of the magazine *Youth*," allegedly at his own request, and replaced by Boris Polevoi, a reliable party hack. This event scored a major, though not final, victory for the Kochetov faction over the Tvardovsky faction.

Last year the Kochetov faction had already succeeded in getting the government to cut the permitted paper quota of Tvardovsky's *New World* press run from 150,000 to 87,000. But in Stalin's day not paper quotas but heads would have fallen. The June, 1961, issue of *New World* contained a moving anti-Stalinist story by Viktor Nekrasov, whose message was: Make sure that "it will never happen again!"

Yevtushenko's Stand

It would be a mistake to conclude that those Russian writers today (Tvardovsky, Yevtushenko, Nekrasov, Kazakov, Ehrenburg) who are demanding more personal liberty are also leaving the Marxist framework. As a matter of fact, they consider themselves better Marxists than the fascist-style terrorist Stalin. They are trying to fuse Marxism with the westernizing part of Russia's tradition rather than with the eastern, autocratic part. They may fail. If they succeed, it will not be because of any improbable conversion to liberalism by the tough, Stalin-trained party bosses but because these bosses may need the mature new generation of intellectuals, artists, and scientists.

Soviet anti-cosmopolitanism often takes the form of anti-Semitism. The clash was dramatized for the whole world last September by Yevtushenko's eloquent attack on anti-Semitism, "Babi Yar." Kochetov's allies on *Literature and Life* attacked the poem ferociously that same month. Issues I saw in Moscow called Yevtushenko a cosmopolitan and demanded that he write about

what all Soviet citizens suffered instead of just what Jews suffered. The published version of "Babi Yar," a translation of which has appeared in the New York *Times* and elsewhere, is not the full version we heard Yevtushenko read in Moscow. A significant omission states that anti-Semitic feelings in Russia today (officially denied) "still are rising on the fumes of alcohol and in conversations after drinking."

While the twenty-eight-year-old author was reading this and other poems, I watched audience reactions around me carefully. The people were deeply moved by all of the purely lyrical poems and by some of the social-conscience poems, but "Babi Yar" was the one poem they made him read twice. During the second reading Russian men—not just "vulgar girls"—burst into tears at the evocative metaphors about Anne Frank ("frail as a twig in April"), at the compassionate identifications ("Today I am as old in years as the Jewish people"), and at the appeal to the honor of his fellow Slavs: "O my Russian people . . . those with unclean hands have often loudly taken in vain your most pure name. . . . There is no Jewish blood in mine, but I am hated by every anti-Semite as if a Jew, and for this reason I am a—true Russian."

The whole evening of poetry reading provided my most memorable personal impression of contemporary Soviet youth: its passion for the arts, its passion for liberty and racial tolerance. There, all around me, was the Russia I have learned to love, the Russia of generous aesthetic and ethical commitments. It was a young Russia that cheered, cried, and laughed out of a natural, unaffected enthusiasm for free poetic self-expression, bursting forth far beyond the intentions of the government's current halfhearted half-thaw. These are the sort of people who shouted "Sonnet 66!" spontaneously at a poetry meeting during the Stalin era when they caught sight of Pasternak. The not-so-cryptic reference was to a line Pasternak had translated from one of Shakespeare's sonnets: "And art made tongue-tied by authority."

THE UKRAINIAN CAPITAL Kiev sometimes reflects all the political and literary quarrels of Moscow more nakedly than cautious Moscow. It is worth watching the Kiev press for more extreme, and hence more candid, presentations of both viewpoints. For example, last August the Kiev "humor" magazine *Pepper* featured a cartoon of the Star of David encircling a swastika; underneath, the heads of the West Ger-

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man state and the Israeli state are shown in an embrace. This obscenity from the anti-thaw camp is particularly shocking in the country that was itself guilty of the 1939 pact with Hitler. But about the same time a poem from the pro-thaw camp appeared in a Kiev literary journal: Yevtushenko's "A Talk."

As of now, the poem has never been published in the Moscow *Literary Gazette* or anywhere else in the Soviet Union. "A Talk" denies its author's right to be called brave for doing what a future, better age will deem only normal:

They say to me,
"You are a brave man."
Not true. . . .
I write.
So what?
I was never an informer. . . .
Falseness I turned to ridicule and
Loud enough I tried to state my thoughts.
Sometime when done with shame and lies,
Posterity—burning with shame—
Will remember those strange times
When common honesty was called courage.

Yevtushenko's liberating voice is all the more effective in guiding the youth of Russia because he is in no way a counter-revolutionary. He is in many ways a better Leninist than his opponents of the Kochetov camp. It was, after all, Lenin who declared: "The least trace of anti-Semitism, manifested by a group or a person, proves the reactionary nature of that person or group." How un-Leninist, then, of the Moscow publication *Literature and Life* (September 24, 1961) to jeer at the author of "Babi Yar": "What kind of Russian are you anyhow!" and to call the poem "a pygmy's spittle," besmirching those "crew-cut Russian lads" who fell in the war. Finding this pogrom-condoning poem excessive in one direction and Yevtushenko excessive in the other, the government cracked down on both camps ("divide and rule") by replacing the editor of *Literature and Life* and reportedly bawling out the *Literary Gazette*.

Yevtushenko is not alone, and other non-Jews have taken the same stand he has on anti-Semitism. Viktor Nekrasov, Tvardovsky's ablest protégé among prose writers, has complained that the government is planning no memorial, only a sports stadium, to crown the Babi Yar ravine where the Nazis murdered 33,771 Jews in two days (September 29 and 30, 1941). "On the site of such a colossal tragedy," Nekrasov protested in the *Literary Gazette* of October 10, 1959, "to make merry and play football!" Still earlier, Yevtushenko's first major poem—"Ziba Station," which appeared in *October* magazine in the fall of 1956, when the poet was only twenty-three—appealed to the national conscience against Stalin's fabrication of the "Jewish doctors' plot" and against Soviet silence under tyranny in general:

So it turns out the doctors were not guilty?
Then why have people been hurt like that?
What an outrage for all Europe to talk about! . . .
We are silent about what we did yesterday.

Yevtushenko, not a member of the party, has been both expelled and readmitted by the Komsomol (Soviet youth organization) since his poems were denounced in 1957 by party puritans for such sins as eroticism, political deviation, and angry-young-manism in general. Born in 1933 in a Siberian village called Zima (Winter), Yevtushenko studied at the Gorky Institute in Moscow. Though he doesn't know Yiddish or Georgian, he has done Russian versions of poems from both languages. He is of pure Slavic origin; his grandfather, another rebel, was exiled from the Ukraine to Siberia by the czar. In many ways his scathing wit, his need to shock and dissent, his arrogant baiting of Philistia, appear as the familiar defense mechanisms of the shy village boy who finds himself in a city café.

Though he is both a Marxist and a pro-thaw reformer, it would be an error for westerners to exaggerate Yevtushenko's political role. Primarily, he is a poet of personal lyricism. And fundamentally, he is not a political animal at all; he is a cross between Mayakovsky and Dylan Thomas. In Russian terms he is in the tradition of the magnetic, self-dramatizing Byronism of Lermontov, with just enough narcissistic hamminess to annoy his more serious friends when he exploits his personality for the crowds but with enough real poetic genius to make them gladly forgive him and deeply believe in him. What makes it so hard to predict his future is the fact that this Russian Byronizing tradition has an undercurrent of unconscious self-destructiveness, constantly oscillating between would-be folk hero and would-be martyr, between matinee idol and Grand Pariah.

His most authentic aesthetic endowment is his long, wavelike lyric rhythms. To develop this gift to the full and thereby to enrich Soviet literature permanently will take time, hard work, and—occasionally—silence. I hope he will not lose too much energy and time on the short-run kind of politics, whether as martyr-rebel or as indulged semi-official rebel-in-residence. I hope he has enough free hours from the national and international spotlight to do the less dramatic, more essential homework of disciplining his craftsmanship and resisting his addiction to rhetoric and facile fireworks. Be that as it may, his decisive influence on the new generation, especially in leading it back from tractor obsessions and abstractions to concrete warmth and human dignity, makes his work one of the most rehumanizing forces in Russia today.

My longest conversations with Yevtushenko took place on October 8, 1961. That particular date sticks in my memory because it was being celebrated as Poetry Day in Moscow. On that day people of Moscow form groups of as large as five thousand, standing up for hours in cold weather on Mayakovsky Square, to hear their favorite poets reading aloud. Before his evening reading on Poetry Day, I spent three or four hours with Yevtushenko, his wife, and a charming woman official of the Writers Union at bookshops and as his guest and drinking companion in the Prague Restaurant. There he read me excerpts from a long unpublished poem and jotted down its theme for me to take back to America as his message of friendship.

This unprinted poem is an appeal

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for good will between Americans and Russians. It describes men of both nationalities traveling together in a future rocket ship to the planet Venus. What do they talk about during the long trip? Is it about rival economic statistics of their respective steel industries? Is it about government or political slogans? No, not for one minute. In the end they spend their time swapping anecdotes about love affairs.

The ending may seem frivolous, but we must not judge it in our western context. We must judge it in the Soviet context of a hitherto total crushing of the private life. *There* it comes as a welcome portent of a return from robots to humanity.

THE KEY DIFFERENCE, it seems to me, between free and totalitarian societies lies not in abstract, verbalized Rights of Man but in the concrete, inarticulate right to the private life, the creative inner life. By this yardstick Nazism could never be anything but totalitarian. "No citizen," boasted a Nazi leader, "is allowed to have a private life except when he is asleep." But the dormant humanist strain in Russia is clamoring for a new privacy today, free from state and party meddling, no matter how "benevolent."

This clamor for privacy comes not only from intellectuals but also from the great masses of Soviet citizens. The intellectuals show their feelings by acclaiming the stories of Yuri Kazakov and Viktor Nekrasov, the masses by acclaiming popular movies like *The Cranes Are Flying*. On their very different levels these two story writers and this movie are all concerned with man's inner spiritual life rather than the ecstatic glorification of tractor statistics and potato production. Hence, when Kazakov was denounced by the Kochetov camp in 1959 for not mirroring the "glorious" material reality of Communist society, the critic V. Frolov defended him for mirroring something deeper, for glimpsing into the heart.

The movie *The Cranes Are Flying* also deals with man's private destiny. (There is, to be sure, some "patriotic" agitprop tacked on near the end in so clumsy and coerced and official a manner that the Russian spectator automatically spots it and discounts it.) Kochetov personally attacked *The Cranes Are Flying* for "kowtowing to the West." But he failed to get it suppressed. It won the International Film Prize at Cannes in 1958 and is still playing to large houses in both America and Russia.

The Heresy of the Heart

The world of inner feelings has been much discussed as a public issue in the Soviet Union for several years. In an interview that appeared in August, 1959, in the anti-thaw magazine *Literature and Life*, Ehrenburg insisted that art deal not with the secrets of engineering but with "the secrets of the human heart." For this heresy the same magazine a few weeks later accused him of violating "the aesthetic principles of socialist realism." Tvardovsky was similarly denounced by *Literature and Life* in September, 1959, for having ridiculed "the mediocrity and dullness" of much party-line writing, the kind of writing based on Stalin's remark that the writer is the "engineer of souls." The pro-thaw *Literary Gazette* came to the defense of Tvardovsky and Ehrenburg in the fall of that year. It

printed a supposed letter from some twenty thousand farmers complaining that it was about time for Soviet artists to tell them about the private "inner world" and not about "raising potatoes."

In a final showdown, Tvardovsky may hold a trump card. For it is none other than Khrushchev himself who has declared (at the third Writers' Congress, May, 1959): "I think that Alexander Tvardovsky is right when he announced in his speech at the congress that quality is of primary importance in literary work." This statement may sound tediously obvious to western ears. But in Russia it represents a real advance from the Stalin-Zhdanov era.

But Kochetov launched his latest crusade for totalitarianism with an editorial that appeared in *October* just a year ago denouncing formalist paintings, Ehrenburg's memoirs, and—most significantly—"that world they call the world of feelings" which nearly half a century of Soviet pressure has failed to stamp out.

The popular success of Nikolai Pogodin's play *Sonnet of Petrarch* may be taken as evidence of the determination of at least part of the Russian people that Communist dictatorship over things economic, political, and military shall not also invade the private life of emotions, the creative inner life of love and loneliness. The play's most revealing moment comes when its hero, involved in a complicated love affair, stands up boldly and tells a Communist meddler that the party can claim his public political allegiance but not his right to a free private life. The party secretary asks: "You refuse to speak with the party?" And Pogodin's hero replies: "There are intimate sides to a man's life that he won't open to anybody." Thereby the oldest, deepest, and most suppressed protest against Communist robotism—what the Soviet writer Olesha in the 1920's called "the conspiracy of feelings"—is in the open at last.

MORE THAN a century ago, in a letter secretly circulated under the autocracy of Nicholas I, the libertarian socialist Belinsky proclaimed: "The public . . . looks upon Russian writers as its only leaders, defenders, and saviors against Russian autocracy . . . The title of poet and writer has eclipsed the tinsel of epaulettes and gaudy uniforms." When today one reads Yevtushenko's verse, Nekrasov's and Kazakov's prose, Tvardovsky's congress speech, or Pogodin's drama of private life vs. party life—all of them not counter-revolutionaries but anti-authoritarian idealists—then Belinsky's proclamation is still valid.

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Goa Since Liberation

CREIGHTON BURNS

PANGIM, GOA

FOR 451 YEARS the Portuguese ruled in Goa. A small scallop of land (1,348 square miles, with a population around 550,000) at the foot of the Western Ghats on the Malabar coast, Goa (together with the tiny enclaves of Damão and Diu) was the last irritating remnant of Portugal's Indian empire when India received its independence from Britain in 1947.

Three fine rivers cut Goa from east to west, and its harbor, Mormugão, is the best natural shipping sanctuary on India's west coast. But it has little industry. Successive generations of Portuguese ruled, then returned to Lisbon. Some married Goan women, but none stayed as traders, farmers, or businessmen. Even today Goa is richer in history than in economic resources. The body of St. Francis Xavier lies in a silver casket above the altar in the moldering church of Bom Jesu in the Old City. And the streets of the "new" capital, Pangim, are named for the great sailors and the terrible governors of Portugal's imperial past.

Goans have remained a united, self-conscious people, though divided by religion (more than a third are Catholics, the rest mainly Hindu), by language (Marathi and its local derivative Konkani are the indigenous languages, Portuguese the official one), and by caste (even the Catholics have maintained their caste identities, both in their religious practices and in their daily lives). For more than thirty years Goans have been in sporadic, passive revolt, some against Salazar's autocratic régime, others against Portuguese domination in any form.

ON DECEMBER 18, 1961, the Indian Army took just thirty-six hours to put an end to the Portuguese Indian empire. It was one of the least bloody anti-colonial wars in history. Portuguese and Indian casualties were light—thirty-nine killed on both sides, according to the Indian government. Today both the Indian government and the Goan people are discovering that Goa's "reunion with India" (the official Indian diplomatic phrase) is more complicated than its mere "liberation." Indian military and civil administrators in Goa have worked hard to get the community going again. In two days the water supply of the main towns was restored and in four all the local officials were back at their desks. The Goans themselves have now recovered from the shock of discovering that even in an Indian army of occupation there are a few who will loot and rape. (Military misdemeanors in Goa were probably relatively few; more than the army admits, but fewer than many gossipy Goans believe.) But the uncertainty of their future is beginning to get on many Goans' nerves.

The real cause of Goa's present discontent lies with the Indian government in New Delhi. Indian political leaders had been talking for fourteen years about liberating Goa, by negotiation or, more lately, by force. But they had done nothing to apply themselves to economic and administrative problems they knew must follow the take-over. Six weeks after the military action, senior officials in the New Delhi offices of India's Department of External Affairs still had no clear policy for Goa's future.

The general testimony of Goans who were there is that the political situation in Goa was no worse on the eve of the invasion than it had been for some time. There had been political arrests in the last few months of Portuguese rule. Between thirty-nine (the official figure) and fifty-two (the Goan nationalists' figure) political prisoners were released as the Indian Army approached Pangim. Censorship continued, but Goan editors say that although they had to submit their proofs for checking they were allowed to criticize the provisions of the last Portuguese budget and to draw attention to specific administrative grievances. There was no sign that the administration was about to collapse. Even those who were the most bitter and active opponents of the régime say that Portugal's last governor-general was better than most of his predecessors. One nationalist leader, a Goan who had served a prison sentence in Lisbon, said: "Of course we had to oppose him. The régime was corrupt and totalitarian. But he was really a nice man. It was sad to see him flee at the end. A man like that should have more dignity."

'A Shallow Hilarity'

Economically, things had been improving fast for the last five years. In 1956 Goa's export earnings had jumped forty-eight per cent, mainly as a result of the increase in the output and overseas sales of iron ore. Against these mounting export earnings the Portuguese issued more import licenses, not only for essential food, machinery, and transport to keep the economy going in the face of India's economic blockade, but for luxury goods as well. Rising imports raised Goa's living standard and the administration's

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revenue. Exports continued to climb, and by 1960 foreign payments were balanced on the credit side for the first time in many years. The budget was also in surplus. Goans living on the border did a thriving business in smuggling. By 1960 more than fifty per cent of Goa's imports were luxury goods (liquor, watches, transistors, perfumes, drugs, as well as gold), more than half of which in turn were going across the border to an India hungry for consumer goods but still short of foreign exchange. In one year Goa imported the equivalent of four watches per capita.

With buoyant budgets, the Portuguese began buying off the local opposition. Between 1957 and 1959 they increased government salaries by twenty-five per cent, a handy windfall gain for the seven thousand families who lived off the government payroll. Grants to schools, seminaries, and municipal bodies increased. Wages in mining and construction rose, even though the mineowners smuggled in Indian labor from across the border. The day-labor wage rate in Goa was two to three times as high as that in India. The official allocation of the equivalent of $700,000 to the "Development Plan," a euphemism for the governor-general's slush fund, allowed him to buy off embarrassing critics. His personal decision could guarantee a new school, repairs to a church, a minor drainage project, or a free trip to Portugal. Some Goans, probably the majority, had never had it so good.

BUT IT WAS, as one Goan put it, "a false prosperity and a shallow hilarity." The whole financial system was built on the assumption that export earnings and the revenue from import duties would remain high. But the mines themselves were a diminishing asset, though no one seems very sure at what rate they were diminishing. The Indian administration gives them another fifteen years at the present rate of exploitation. Foreign experts put the figure higher, some as much as four times higher. Scarcely an escudo went into real investment in productive industry or rural reform. In the short run the system worked fine, but the run was beginning to look too short for comfort.

Goa is now under Indian military government. In practice it has been ruled by a triumvirate. The military governor, Major General F. P. Candeth, was India's commander in the field when India entered Goa. A stocky, forthright little man, with a strong mustache and a clipped English-military accent, he carries off the public-relations part of his post with dignity and charm. He has spent a lot of his time on tour, counseling patience and welcoming complaints. Goans like him; they call him "the little raja."

Behind him (some say above him) stands his "special adviser," C. K. Handoo. A former policeman, ex-deputy director of the Indian Security Service, and once security adviser to Prime Minister Nehru, Handoo "co-ordinated" Goan commando activities on the border in the weeks before the army moved. Tall, handsome, white-haired, high-caste, he self-consciously uses his rich voice and matinee-idol profile for dramatic effect. Ask him what the future of Goa's political parties is likely to be, and you get a lecture on the virtues of socialism and how India will bring equality as well as freedom to the Goans. Most Goan political leaders who have met him are not impressed. "It might be necessary to organize a demonstration for Mr. Handoo one of these days," was the wry comment of one of them.

The chief civil administrator, R. V. P. Noronha, is of a different order. He is an old Indian civil service hand, a chain-smoking economist who was educated at Oxford and the London School of Economics. Flown in at three hours' notice, Noronha admits he started off ignorant of the place and its problems, though he is himself a Goan by descent. (A Noronha led the first Portuguese assault on Pangim in 1510.) He works hard and cheerfully, listens to everyone's complaints, and accepts criticism as natural and inevitable.

The big decisions about Goa's future will be made by the Indian government in New Delhi. Most Goan politicians know this and are more or less content to wait; the political parties are not ready to move anyway. There are five already in the field, though two of them are barely operative. The Goan branch of the Indian National Congress exists on paper only. The Goan Peoples' Party, fronting for the Communists, stays in the background and follows a "unity" line to discredit the other parties. Among the other three—the National Congress (Goa), the Goan Democratic Party, and the Congress Provincial—there is a good deal of agreement.

The official Indian policy is to incorporate Goa in the Indian Union as a centrally administered territory, while allowing it to preserve a certain degree of regionalism. Goan political leaders are apprehensive about this formula. The Congress Provincial, the lineal descendant of a party driven underground by Salazar, still yearns for autonomy or something close to it. It would settle for rights similar to those enjoyed by the other states of India, but insists that Goa's constitutional future be approved by plebiscite or by a freely elected Goan assembly. The militantly nationalist and moderately socialist National Congress (Goa) and the Goan Democratic Party (formerly a terrorist organization) also want a bigger say for Goa in its own affairs than a system of central administration would allow, but they are prepared to accept a qualified list of state rights.

MOST EDUCATED GOANS maintain that Portuguese civil and penal law is better than the Indian; more liberal and more subtle. They point out that there is no death penalty under their criminal code

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and that women get a better deal than they do under Indian laws of succession. But the institution in which all Goans take the greatest pride is the *communidad*—the village community that existed before the Portuguese as a type of primitive, self-governing republic. Membership in the communidades, 223 of which still survive, was originally hereditary. It carried with it responsibility for village welfare and development and the right to share in the profits of the community's land. The land itself was farmed on leases that were auctioned every three years, with a minimum price set according to the known productive capacity of each plot. Under Portuguese rule the system was gradually corrupted. Some communidades are now no more than agricultural companies with membership limited to shareholders. Shares which had an original face value of four dollars now sell for as much as thirty dollars. Other communidades are mixed, with shareholders and the old hereditary *"zoncars"* combining to divide the profits. Rents often run as high as fifty per cent of the produce. Land has become fragmented, and in some districts the average holdings are as low as half an acre. Today one-third of the arable land of Goa lies fallow.

Despite the defects of the system—its inefficiency and its economic injustice—Goan political leaders, even the most radical, want it preserved, though with substantial reform. They see it as the origin and basis of village democracy. The Indian administrators are openly skeptical and don't believe the Goans know how the system really works. But any attempt to abolish the communidades will certainly arouse strong opposition.

The Goans' apprehension about their future political status and the security of their social and cultural system has made them restless under Indian military rule. Many are nervous too about their economic future. The mines and the mineral-exporting companies are owned almost entirely by Goans, though there is a substantial West German investment in at least one mining company and Japanese, Italian, German, and American buyers have provided others with development capital as part of their trading contracts. For a small group of Goan families, mining and mineral exporting is now big business. Today they frankly fear that they will be nationalized or that the Indian State Trading Corporation will move in and raise iron-ore prices to the Indian level. This, they claim, would kill the young industry. Goan merchants are also jittery. The Indian government has agreed to honor all firm import contracts signed before December 18, 1961. But no new import policy will be announced before the end of March, and the Goan businessmen of Pangim anxiously wait to learn what their economic future will be in an India that rigorously restricts imports.

'Whose Country Is It?'

Against this background of uncertainty and fear for the future, grievances—real or imagined—have become distorted. Some of the grievances are real enough. Unemployment, unknown in Goa for years, has suddenly appeared. Though the great majority of the seven thousand-odd government employees have been kept on by the Indian administration, a few hundred in the Portuguese-administered airline, shipbuilding yard, and bank have been dismissed or offered employment at the lower Indian wage rates. Production in the mines has dropped by half, because of the uncertainty among foreign buyers, because of the shortage of explosives, and because the mineowners' credit source was cut off when the Portuguese absconded with the bank's reserves.

When Goans complain that nothing is being done to cure these ills, they are often told not to be impatient and that everyone has to pay a price for freedom. It is not a tactful explanation, and the cynics are begging to get a hearing. "Under the Salazar régime talking was not allowed and thinking was discouraged. Today we have a new freedom—we can bark. But no one listens." This from a half-blind barrister who had in fact often spoken out against the Salazar régime and had once even hit the Portuguese governor in the paunch—and gotten away with it. He claimed that Goa was "a perfect democracy" before Salazar came to power.

There is a good deal of cynicism too about the way the Portuguese-nominated officeholders have remained in their positions of power. How can you trust an administration that protects, listens to, and is entertained by "Portuguese agents"? There was suppressed amusement in the crowd when the Portuguese-nominated mayor in one district read a eulogistic speech of welcome to the Indian military governor, who was then embraced and garlanded by the town's richest merchant and leading black-marketeer. Indian officials plead they cannot evict the old officeholders without being arbitrary. "We would not know whom to choose anyway." To the Goan nationalists, this is merely an admission of inexcusable ignorance.

What hurts Goans most of all is that they feel somehow they are not being treated as equals. It's not that they object to being Indian. The great majority welcome it, but on their own terms. "Of course I'm Indian," one said, "in the same way that a Frenchman is European."

Some Indian officials—police, postal, and administrative—who have been put into Goa to hold the line until the place settles down have been occasionally impatient and sometimes arrogant. These "brown colonists" (a phrase coined by a Bengali novelist) infuriate the Goans, who suspect that they and not the Indians are the superior race. "Whose country is it, anyway?" is a question one hears every day. And they point with pride to the fact that there are more doctors per head of population in Goa (and probably more lawyers and journalists too) than in India, or in some western countries for that matter.

On Christmas Eve, five days after the Indian Army liberated Goa, His Eminence Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay, offered a mass in the Procathedral of the Holy Name to celebrate Goa's freedom. During his sermon he said: "To accept freedom, which is the birthright of every individual, the consent of the recipient is certainly not necessary." It is a dictum that has begun to worry many Goans, even the most piously Catholic.

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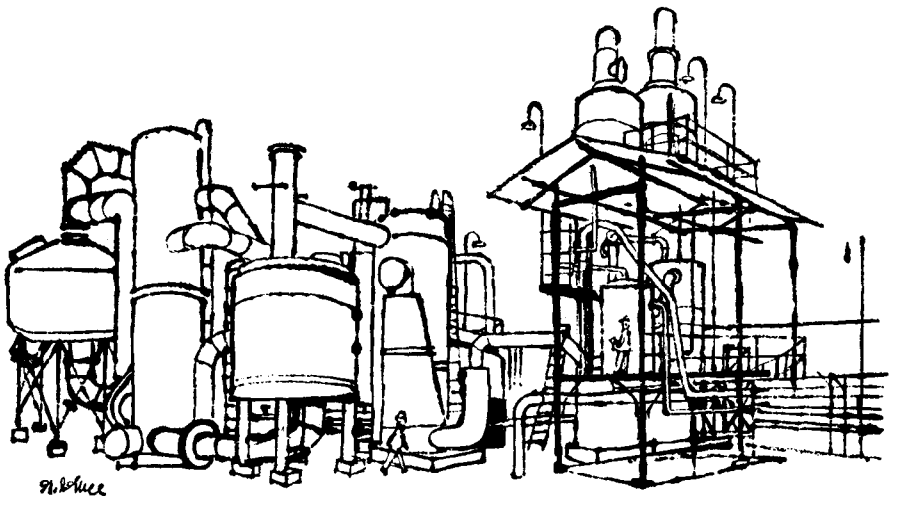

The Paradoxes of Unemployment

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

WHILE President Kennedy's first report on the nation's economy lacked some of the euphoria invariably dispensed by his predecessor, it still emitted rosy puffs of optimism. Under his aegis, Mr. Kennedy said, "the economy has regained its momentum." Through June, we may "expect vigorous expansion in production and incomes." For the rest of 1962, a pickup in business investment will "help maintain the momentum of progress toward full employment."

To be sure, unemployment now is "far too high" ("intolerably high" according to Walter Heller, the able chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers). But increasing output should provide enough jobs to reduce the unemployment rate—now around six per cent—to the administration's interim target of four per cent by mid-1963. This was the President's theme.

A prompt dissent came from Mr. Kennedy's otherwise loyal supporter, President George Meany of the AFL-CIO. He complained, with some reluctance, that the administration lacked "a sense of urgency" over the jobless. Meany's plaints are often dismissed as ritual because labor must paint the economy black to support the wage and Federal spending programs that are its bread and butter. But this time Meany had based his protest in some startling evidence turned up by an AFL-CIO economist, Nathaniel Goldfinger.

Goldfinger compared the current advance with recoveries at similar stages in the three earlier postwar cycles. In terms of output or gross national product (the dollar sum of all goods and services), there was nothing unusual about the 1961 recovery. Nine months after the first quarter of 1961, when the last slump hit bottom, total output had risen 7.4 per cent. This was much like the 6.8 per cent and 7.6 per cent gains at the same point in the two previous recoveries; it was not far off from the 11.1 per cent advance of the 1950 recovery when allowance is made for the added stimulus from the Korean War spending.

THE PICTURE FOR JOBS, however, was very different. In the other three recoveries, each billion-dollar rise in output created between forty-five and sixty-five thousand more jobs; this time, each billion-dollar advance had added less than 3,700 jobs. Put another way, it took from $15,000 to $22,000 additional output to make one extra job in the first nine months of the three earlier recoveries; this time, it required more than ten times as much—$273,500.

In unemployment, the results are just as staggering. Nine months after the earlier three slumps hit bottom, twenty to thirty per cent had been lopped off the jobless rolls; this time, it was only 7.3 per cent.

As alarming as these statistics are, they would have been even grimmer except for two peculiar occurrences—an inexplicable slowdown at the end of 1961 in the growth of the labor force and the fall call-up of 300,000 reservists. These two partially related factors helped reduce the officially reported level of unemployment. If the labor force—the number at work and seeking work—had been expanding in line with the gains in population, both the total and the percentage of unemployed would be considerably higher. In January, the rate of unemployment slipped below six per cent for the first time in more than a year, to loud huzzahs from Labor Secretary Arthur J. Goldberg. Largely overlooked was the fact that somehow the labor force was smaller by 100,000 than it had been a year earlier. Apparently, high unemployment was discouraging large numbers of persons from even bothering to look for a job.

All these figures point one way: this is a unique type of recovery, with some gloomy implications for the jobless. The traditional link between expanding output and increasing jobs may have been severely wrenched.

Identifying the Villain

For some, the explanation is simple: the automation age is upon us. The new revolution in technology is liberating man from work and freeing him for the dubious joys of unpaid leisure. Officials not normally given to wide-eyed flights of fancy, such as William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, have endorsed a much less colorful version of this theory. Martin and others attribute much of the slow rise in unemployment to structural changes in the economy.

They have focused on the hard-core unemployed: those made jobless by new machines, the decline of industries (like coal mining), and the disappearance of plants from depressed areas (like New England's textile towns). In effect, the hard-core theorists argue, there is no increasing shortage of jobs but rather a growing lack of skills and mobility among the jobless.

This theory is not supported by the

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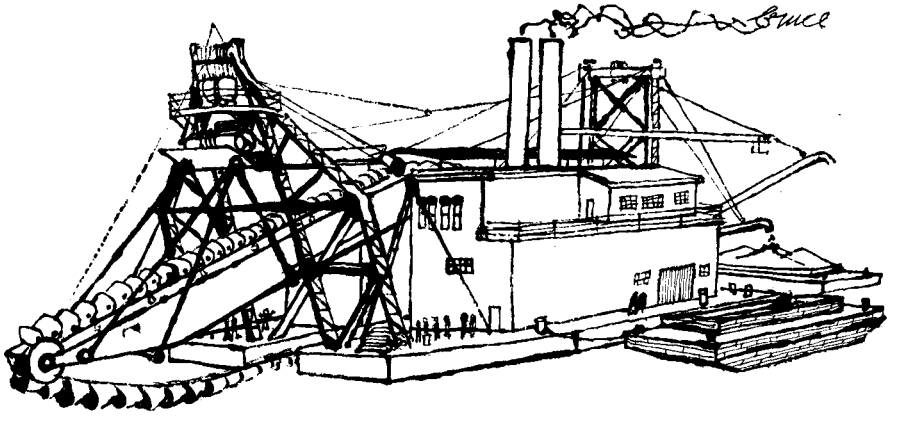
most sophisticated analyses. Studies by Robert Solow of Heller's staff and by James Knowles and Edward Kalachek for the Joint Economic Committee of Congress conclude that the rise in unemployment is not due to increased joblessness in the hard-core areas.

Knowles and Kalachek have pointed out that unemployment has been five per cent or higher for more than four years, "the longest period of such high unemployment rates since the 1930's." But like Solow, they found no unusual increase in the rate of unemployment where automation has presumably made the greatest inroads. Solow also measured the recent joblessness in declining industries and depressed areas; he concluded that it had not advanced faster than unemployment elsewhere. And the Congressional economists discovered that there had been no noticeable increase in unfilled job openings.

This doesn't mean that there aren't relatively more coal miners out of work as a result of automation than engineers, who are among its prime beneficiaries. Nor does it mean that there are not relatively more jobless Negroes than whites, and more jobless unskilled than skilled workers. It does mean that in recent years, the rise in the percentage of unemployed in these groups has been no faster than the rise in the economy as a whole. In sum, the two studies agree that unemployment has been climbing throughout the economy but that no new factors were responsible. Both reports blame higher unemployment on a familiar source, a weakening of demand or spending by consumers, business, and government.



President Kennedy reflects this view when he suggests that demand will rise enough to shrink unemployment to a tolerable four per cent by the middle of next year. He said as much at a recent press conference, where he called the achievement of full employment in an automation age the "major domestic challenge" of the 1960's. "But," the President said, "if our economy is progressing as we hope it will, then we can absorb a good many of these men and women. . . . even though in particular industries we might get special structural unemployment."

The Pull of the Brake

If weak demand is the central difficulty, it might be expected that Mr. Kennedy has designed his spending and tax policies to strengthen it. Nothing of the sort is planned. Despite uninformed cries about "record peacetime spending," the administration intends that the Federal government shall actually put a gentle brake on demand, withdrawing more from the spending stream than it puts in.

The conventional budget, the one newspapers headline, calls for a mere $500-million surplus. But this understates the pull of the Federal brake. The best measure of the government's impact on the economy is the little-known national income accounts budget. It differs from the conventional budget in two important ways: it includes the income and spending of the huge trust funds like those for Social Security and highways, and it counts tax obligations and government spending when they are actually incurred. The conventional budget doesn't count them until cash actually changes hands between citizens and the government, months later. In the income budget, the surplus is not $500 million but $4.4 billion. In other words, the administration plans to pull out $4.4 billion more in total taxes from the economy than it will put in by spending. In contrast, during the recession two fiscal years earlier the government added to demand by spending $2.2 billion more than it taxed.

Why, if unemployment is largely the creature of weak demand, should the administration hold back the government's contribution? Mr. Kennedy does not regard himself as a free agent. He and his advisers are keenly sensitive (oversensitive in some views) to the nation's deficit in its international accounts. By restraining government demand, the administration expects to impress foreign bankers and dampen price rises. This would make American goods more attractive overseas and help close the balance-of-payments gap. Moreover, Mr. Kennedy is touchy about his relations with the business community and conservative sentiment generally. Businessmen and conservatives have no hesitation about expanding their own companies through debt, but they cling to the myth that there is something inherently evil about a government deficit.

How then does Mr. Kennedy expect to get unemployment down to four per cent by the middle of next year? Largely by increased demand or spending from consumers, business, and local governments. To give a fillip to business investment, the President proposes to cut corporation taxes by about $3 billion and make some of this up with stiffer levies elsewhere.

To be sure, there is a fallback position in all this. If the private economy doesn't perform as buoyantly as the administration hopes, the government's tax take will automatically drop. Then a deficit, making up for some of the missing private demand, will replace the restraining surplus.

The administration's reliance on increased private spending to keep the economy climbing and to cut into unemployment is even greater than the bare budget figures suggest. Typically, recoveries make their

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fastest strides in the first four or five quarters after a slump has hit bottom. They then advance at a slower rate. If the past is any guide, the greatest gains will have been made by June. But it is precisely at this point that total government spending is scheduled to level off.

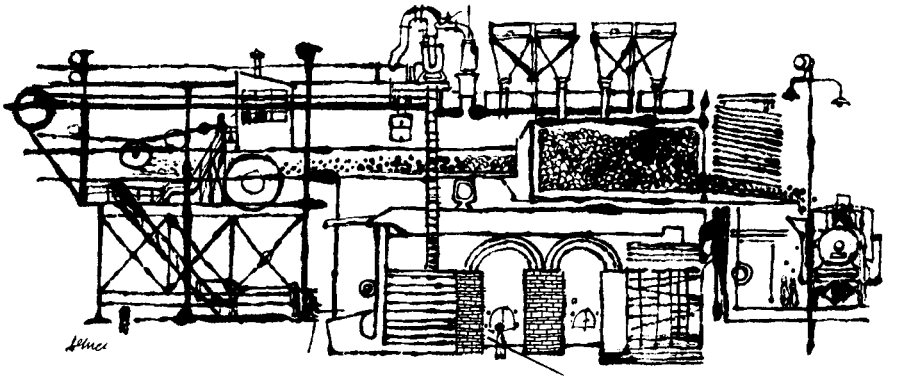
DESPITE the statistical evidence of the experts, the unemployment malady is so deep that no politician or economist is willing to put all his faith in one remedy. Believers in hard-core unemployment like Martin of the Federal Reserve also worry about weak demand; the labor movement favors measures both to bolster demand and to treat structural unemployment; the administration, for all its commitment in theory to enlarge demand, has shaped its legislative program almost exclusively around the relief of hard-core unemployment.

The White House is vigorously supporting one measure aimed squarely at making labor more mobile, another at taking idle youths off the streets, and a third providing more pay for people who are not working. The administration plans to spend $120 million on the first two programs this year and increased amounts later. The enlarged jobless benefits would be financed chiefly from increased payroll taxes paid by employers.

Since some portion of the jobless have clearly been cast adrift because they lack needed skills, the administration is backing a bill to retrain several hundred thousand workers a year. The Federal government will pay their tuition costs at vocational training schools, encourage on-the-job training programs, provide living allowances equal to unemployment compensation for up to fifty-two weeks, and offer special payments to those who must move to find training.

Apart from the far Right, virtually all shades of opinion support this approach. The bill, approved by the Senate last year, is one of those rated most likely to pass in this session. This near-unanimous support, however, does not mean that the usefulness of retraining is unlimited. Most vocational training schools are out of touch with the new technology. They are strongest in subjects such as blueprint reading or real-estate salesmanship. Moreover, several test programs have indicated that only a small percentage of the jobless are equipped to profit from retraining. Finally, and most important, any workers who are successfully retrained may be frustrated unless the total number of jobs increases at a faster pace.

Administration officials, not unnaturally, take a more cheerful view.



Before any worker is retrained, they say, he will be tested to ensure that he is trainable. And he will not be led into any training course unless there is a job open to match his future new skill. On the basis of their surveys of unfilled job openings and their experience with the modest retraining programs already begun under the Depressed Areas Act (about four thousand have been enrolled so far), Labor Department experts are convinced that there will be no shortage of eligible candidates or a lack of future employment for them. They readily say that this approach is no panacea for national unemployment but does offer hope for those whom enlarged demand might not reach.

The second administration bill designed to alleviate hard-core joblessness is the Youth Employment Opportunities Act. Clearly labeled a pilot program, it reflects the anxiety over young people expected to flood the labor force during this decade, when the work force is expected to expand by 1,350,000 a year.

This measure would provide three outlets for a limited number of jobless youths between sixteen and twenty-two who have left school. Some would be encouraged to take on-the-job training in private industry; others would be placed in local government jobs, in museums, hospitals, libraries, and the like, with the Federal government footing half their pay up to $20 a week; a third group would enter a Youth Conservation Corps, the New Frontier's CCC, living in government-built camps, clearing trails, building camp sites, and engaging in other useful public projects on public land. These youths would get $65 or $70 a month plus board.

The House Labor Committee's version of this bill would provide for 200,000 youths over three years. The more ambitious measure reported to the Senate would take care of up to 150,000 in the Conservation Corps alone by 1965. But these totals appear much less impressive alongside the dimensions of what is coming. From 1962 through 1964, about 8.4 million will reach their eighteenth birthday. In the three years after that, the number will rise to a whopping eleven million. The youth bill may drain off some pressure from the labor market, but it does little to enlarge the total of job opportunities.

The third Kennedy bill would relieve some of the misery of the jobless by lengthening and increasing their unemployment compensation. The extra income they would receive could make some marginal contribution to lifting total demand. But on the whole, the administration package is designed primarily to treat hard-core unemployment.

Big Labor's Big Dilemma

Now consider the frustrations of the trade unions. They cannot drive for full employment and for increased power through increased membership without running counter to demands from their rank and file for job security. Many labor leaders have tried to cope with the problem

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in bargaining. But even the most venturesome have been driven back to erecting defenses around those at work rather than aiding jobless card holders. Meanwhile, union power erodes as unemployment shrinks union membership and the drive for higher wages is weakened by slack job markets.

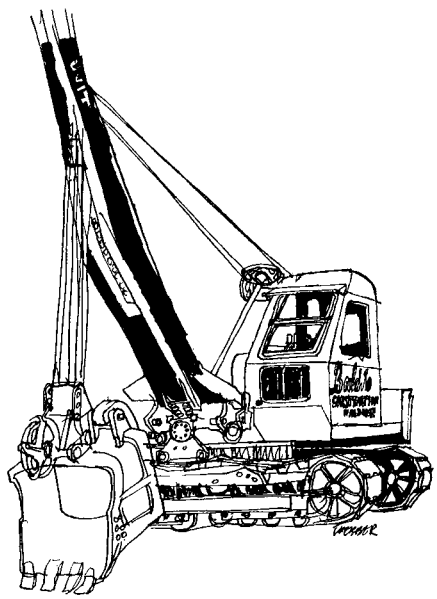
The boldest experiment was tried by Ralph Helstein's Packinghouse Workers and Chairman William Prince of Armour & Co. In 1959, Armour agreed to put up $500,000 for a study of measures to cope with the technological changes that were shrinking jobs in the meat packing industry. Part of the fund financed a retraining program for workers laid off when Armour closed its Oklahoma City plant. Of the 170 workers who showed up to take vocational aptitude tests, only 60 gave promise of benefiting from training. The other 110 were told that their best hope would be in casual manual labor. And of the 60 retrained, only eight are employed in their new specialty.

In their latest contract, signed last fall, the company and the union in effect acknowledged that the retraining approach was beyond their competence. They turned to the conventional route of providing a cushion for the unemployed. The company must give three months' notice of layoffs and pay $65 a week up to thirty-nine weeks to a man who is cut loose. It is hoped that this will give a veteran worker one bearable year to find a new job.

On the West Coast, Harry Bridges has put up a job security wall around fifteen thousand longshoremen. They are guaranteed pay for thirty-five hours a week until they retire; in return, their employers were given a free hand to use, without make-work restraints, the new machines and methods that are revolutionizing cargo handling. The Bridges plan covers only the regular dockworkers. It contemplates a steady shrinkage in their numbers from retirement, resignations, and the like. As the union itself says, "We have nailed down job security for the entire fully registered work force."

In similar fashion, the Railroad Telegraphers erected a screen around their 921 jobs on the Southern Pacific. After 621 jobs had vanished in six years, the line agreed not to lay off any more telegraphers and to let normal attrition reduce the work force.

When Walter Reuther began charting contract demands for his Auto Workers last April, union pickets marched outside his meeting, demanding spread-the-work provisions. Reuther is sympathetic to this approach. He has publicly and repeatedly advocated reducing the standard forty-hour week to successively lower levels as unemployment mounts, then restoring the forty



hours as jobs expand. But Reuther is a realist. He tested the climate and found it unpropitious for any such plan. Instead, he sought and won increased layoff pay and a guarantee that employed workers called in for less than forty hours a week shall receive sixty-five per cent of their pay for the hours not worked. Ironically, both provisions discourage spreading the available work among the jobless. The first provision encourages the companies to hire fewer new workers; the second is an incentive to schedule more work for the existing work force.

In the same vein, David McDonald of the Steelworkers had been insisting that his prime demand this year would be a thirty-two-hour week. But on the eve of negotiations early in February, he retreated. His union's published bargaining goals speak of the shorter week as an "eventual" solution; the immediate proposals call for provisions like those Reuther won.

It is hardly surprising that many unions are making louder noises about spreading the work through shorter hours. But so far, they have run into a solid wall of employer and government opposition. (The "twenty-five-hour week" negotiated by the Electrical Workers in New York City should not be confused with a genuine spread-the-work effort. This was little more than a disguise for an enormous pay increase in a rigidly controlled labor market with a shortage of workers.) Employer opposition is simply a matter of costs. If a worker's week is cut from forty to thirty-six hours and his weekly pay remains the same, hourly wage costs rise eleven per cent. This is three times as costly as typical current settlements. The administration's opposition is rooted in the competition with the Soviet Union. The White House fears that a shorter work week will become frozen into the economy, thereby shrinking the potential output of the labor force. A new pioneering study by Edward F. Dennison of the Committee for Economic Development concludes that among the most potent ways to speed the nation's economic growth is to increase hours of work. This is likely to reinforce the administration's resistance to the shorter work week, although Dennison emphasizes that his recipes for faster growth will be invalid unless high employment is reached.

Moreover, if full employment isn't achieved, arguments about potential output will carry less and less weight. The pressure for shorter work weeks may become irresistible. Up to now, though, unions generally have been unable to provide more than safeguards for their working members or a softer cushion for those who will be laid off.

Like the rest of the labor movement, Meany calls for a shorter work week too. But he has also said that unions and management can only minimize the burdens of technological advance. "Solutions to the broad national problems related to rapid and radical technology change," he says, "are beyond the best possible efforts of collective bargaining."

Weakened demand or technologi-

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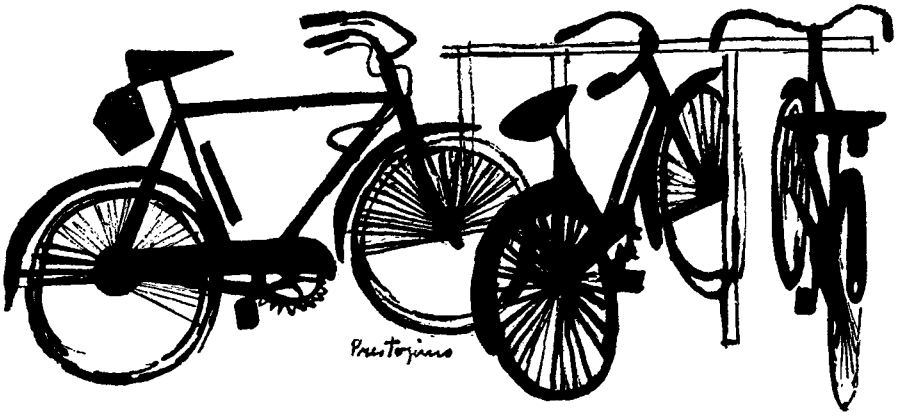
cal breakthrough, or both? Whatever the cause, the problem of jobs is one of the most paradoxical and obstinate of our times.

To sum up, the economy not only must provide jobs for those displaced by machines; it will have to make room for an increasing number of new jobseekers. The best economic analyses all conclude that strengthened demand for goods and services will make the deepest cuts into the jobless rolls. But though the first nine months of the current recovery have been marked by strong increases in demand and output, the jobless rolls remain clogged. The Kennedy administration agrees in theory with the inadequate-demand approach; in practice, it plans to restrain demand slightly and focus its modest programs on easing hard-core unemployment. The unions are frustrated at the bargaining table and at best only build shelters for those now at work.

BEYOND ALL THIS, a great unknown is the pace of techological change. Despite the findings of the economists that automation has not been responsible so far for the over-all rise in unemployment, some suspect that the recent past is a poor guide to the future. They believe that automation will drastically reorganize the ways in which goods and services are produced and will demand equally drastic changes in the nature of work and new methods of distributing the growing abundance. The historical link between work and pay will be shattered. Some visionaries predict that men will labor for the sheer pleasure of expression, not out of need, and that creative leisure will replace cruel unemployment.

But this is scant comfort for those who are jobless now and those confronted with the threat of unemployment. With the prospect of a massive increase in the working force during the next few years, existing unemployment threatens to become worse, and contradiction and inconsistency continue to bedevil all attempts to grapple with it. From all present evidence it appears that unemployment will remain a massive and enigmatic problem that will engage the best efforts of government, labor, and management for some time to come.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Day the Gas Masks Came

A chapter from the author's forthcoming novel, 'Key to the Door'

ALAN SILLITOE

MR. BATES was powerless to stem the tide of commotion in the classroom. With good reason the boys were excited, everyone talking to everyone else. The regular timetable dissolved as if by magic, and the map of South America—in white chalk for the coastline and brown for the long curving rib of the Andes—was being rubbed out by the prefect, who even forgot himself and shook the chalk rag in the classroom, so that brown and white dustclouds penetrated layers of light slanting in through the windows.

Assembly and prayers had gone by and, to the intense joy of the class, Mr. Bates stayed writing at his desk. Brian was close enough to hear the reedy turmoil of his pen and the rustle of overturned paper. What was he writing on a day like this? For whom could he be using these unique minutes? Maybe it was the best he could do while waiting to see what happened, because had he ordered the class into the hall and set them to singing hymns, they would possibly have mutinied, or acquiesced so truculently that hall discipline would have been impossible.

"Bosworth!" Mr. Bates cried, glancing icily at the prefect when dust settled on his coatsleeve and notepaper. "How many more times do I have to tell you to shake that thing outside?"

But Bosworth recognized his words as a protest, not a threat. "Sorry, sir," he said, hung the duster over the easel lath, and went back to his seat after seeing his apology met only by a bent preoccupied head and the sound of a pen scratching across foolscap like the exploring claws of a badger.

Anybody'd think he was writing a book. The noise rose to a climax, a sea beating against the sound barrier of Mr. Bates's pen, until suddenly the stream of his thought was taken in the flank: "Quiet!" he shouted. The sea didn't fall back, for only those closest, always careful not to make much noise anyway, heard him. "WILL YOU BE QUIET!" he bawled.

The sea roar stopped, the waves receded, but the unbearable throb

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of excited unanimous conversation was replaced by a silence that paralyzed Mr. Bates's pen. He assumed a stern expression and looked at the forty faces before him, adjusted the spectacles chafing the back of his ear: an unnecessary movement, but he could not at that particular moment keep his hands unoccupied. Every face, from four rows of ancient name-scratched desks with two boys frozen at each, converged on the focal point of his own. He knew quite definitely that each one was waiting, with their silent collective gaze, for him to tell them something —and the passing seconds assumed a pandemonic quality because he did not know what to say. He who held his class always within the bounds of discipline—though never tyrannically so—wavered because for once he could not give them their rightful due of words on a subject spreading like a thornbush through every brain.

"I SUPPOSE you all know," he broke out firmly at last, "that gas masks are to be given out today?"

A question to which no answer was needed. Everyone was relieved that he had addressed them with such satisfactory wisdom. Tension drew from each face, and he was aware of a smile growing like an apple rolling as if before wind among them.

"Also," he went on, easy now that a beginning had been made, "there won't be any geography or arithmetic lesson." The smiles became definite, and Mr. Bates thought of his half-completed letter. "Go on talking, but keep your voices down. Mr. Jones may be in soon."

Once more his pen scratched, disguising paper with a camouflage of ink, and slowly—like a great hoarse dynamo that has difficulty in starting —the noise of speculation grew until reaching a level that stopped Mr. Bates being aware of it.

"I'm glad there's a war," Brian said to Jim Skelton. "Dad says he'll be able to get a job if there is. Then he'll give me a penny every Friday. As long as we aren't gassed, though."

"I'm not frightened," Jim replied, "but what about Mam and Dad and Maureen and Frank and the others? There's seven of us and we can only just fit into our cellar if bombs start dropping."

Brian absent-mindedly tipped the viscid contents of one inkwell into another, making a black pool on the wood and almost blotting out the first carved letter of his initials. "But perhaps everybody'll have guns," he ventured, dabbing at the ink, and wiping it on his jersey.

"We won't get guns," Jim said. "Everybody'll have to stop in their cellars. I can't think what we'll do."

"Your dad'll have to build bunks," Brian advised. "He's a joiner, so it'll be easy for him. But our house don't have a cellar to it."

"You'll go in air-raid shelters then." No one had attended to the flowers in the window jars, and their yellow heads drooped for want of water; neither had those detailed entered the temperature or barometer readings on the graphs that stretched in colored undulations along one wall like a mountain panorama in the geography books; it was inkwell morning and no one had filled them; and no books had been given out. Lack of timetable discipline convinced them that there was no need to be silent, to read, write, or sing because it was marvelous, miraculous confusion, with all hoping beyond hope that disorganization had come to stay, thinking that if war was this then it wasn't so bad after all.

Brian's idea of war was Napoleonic, at any rate in tactics, with barricades in every street while a gas-masked Waterloo exploded from Clifton Grove to Gotham Village. Molded by an addiction to *Les Misérables*, he saw wagons of paving stones and sandbag parapets blocking Denman Street and all approaches to it, while a higher blockade sealed each main road off from the country to stop tanks. His picture showed a tin-hatted soldier with rifle and bayonet running along the cobblestones of Radford streets, while Mr. and Mrs. Skelton and all the little Skeltons gazed anxiously up from the grill of their cellar grate. Then a bomb would fall and blow up a house, gray bricks shooting into the air, now colored gray, though they had been red before the explosion. Perhaps he, too, like Marius Pontmercy, would go off with a rifle to the barricades and fight the Germans (a rifle picked up from a body in the street) and kill many men, saving the Skeltons, who, in the proscenium of his mind, still looked anxiously from their cellar grate at the soldier running up the street with bayonet fixed.

Then a container would fall—silently almost—and lay in the gutter, and after a few seconds a slit would open in its side and a yellow vapor spill out and ascend a few feet, then thickly spread. And Brian would put on his gas mask (which miraculously appeared, for he did not have it a few seconds before) and clamp it over his face. If he saw someone without a gas mask he would give it to them; for himself, he knew exactly what to do, which was to soak his white handkerchief in water that somehow appeared in the gutter, and lay it over his face. That would stop the mustard gas—or so Uncle Doddoe had told him.

AND hadn't his mother said there were to be trenches in the Forest, as in the last war? He saw people wearing gas masks filing into them as twin-plane aircraft came over to drop bombs—like he had seen them blasting the slumdump ruins of Albion Yard. Then a change of scene as enemy soldiers—Germans, of course—came over the greenpainted railings far away and advanced through mist toward the trenches, so that conveniently and from nowhere English soldiers streamed out to repel them, and Brian somehow mixed himself up with them and killed so many Germans with the rifle he carried that he was asked to organize a schoolboy battalion, of which he would be commander-in-chief.

"You won't get a gas mask."

Through the glass partition of the next classroom, chairs and tables moved, feet shuffled, and orders were carried out. A report was passed from a daring observer: big boxes were being heaved in from outside and laid on tables. There was a smell of rubber. "Frenchies," someone called, "that's what they are"—as the words Large Medium Small were shouted time after time. Brian caught the note of jubilation that swamped the class: it was after ten, and would soon be playtime so that a rush for straws and milk could commence.

A second later he filled his underbreath mind with swearing, tell-

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ing himself that he above all should have known that such freedom was too good to last. Mr. Jones walked in. Mr. Bates did not push the letter out of sight as he usually did, but left it lying on his desk and turned his chair to look at the small tight dynamite headmaster as he entered the room. There was no need to tell the boys to stop talking, for even the sea would fall silent at Mr. Jones's shadow. He stood compact within a vacuum of silence, and Brian felt an itching behind his neck but held his arm fast from scratching for fear of drawing notice to himself. Jim Skelton's eye went into a winking match but Brian did not take him up on it, seeing his lips curl up at one corner as if to smile. He'd better not make me laugh, the rotter. A lorry roared along the street and pulled up at the school door. The milk's come, he guessed, but when he didn't hear the clash of filled cases coming through the hall he assumed it was another load of gas masks.

"They weren't very quiet," Mr. Jones said.

"It's hard to keep them quiet on a day like this," Mr. Bates said as he casually slid the letter in his desk. Mr. Jones became sarcastic: "I feel sure you could have done better than that."

"They're excited."

Picture clouds of war plagued every brain, and the outposts of fear that preceded Mr. Jones as he walked among masters and boys had been neutralized by the overwhelming bomb of a question that smoked to varying shades in the hearts of boys and masters alike. "I still sav there's nothing to be excited about," he snapped.

When is the old bastard going? Brian wondered. Why can't he leave us to talk, or let Mr. Bates read summat good to us? If there's a war I hope that old bastard's the first to cop it, with a great big bomb (the biggest bomb in the world if it can he managed) right onto his spiteful white loaf. Or maybe a Jerry will get him with a rifle when they start sniping from chimney pots. You never know, these days.

"They wouldn't be excited if they knew what war meant."

"Boys never know what war means," Mr. Bates said.

"It's a pity they can't be told then, and have some of this excitement drained from them."

Mr. Bates's eyes gleamed, as if about to water; he smiled to stop them doing so. "There'd be no cannon fodder for the war after the one that's about to start if that happened."

Mr. Jones looked hard at him, then at the class. "Are they all here?"

"Ten are absent."

"Too excited to come to school, even?" A few bold spirits began to whisper, and hisses passed from across the room like jets of escaping steam. "Silence!" he roared, his anemic face flushing.

There was silence.

"What do you intend doing?" he asked Mr. Bates. "They can't go on like this, war or no war."

"I'll probably read to them."

Mr. Jones snorted. "Let me use your desk." He moved aside and sat in a chair, a stack of *Foundations of History* rearing at the back of his head.

"I suppose you all know that they're giving gas masks out today?" Mr. Jones addressed them.

He knows bleddy well we do.

"Any of you know what a gas mask is like?"

Not yet, but we will.

"I'll describe one to you. A word picture of one." Brian remembered: the first Jerry shooting from a chimney stack ought to put one right into his four-eyed clock. "There's a rubber facepiece, with a celluloid frame you can see through, and to this are attached straps that you pull back over your head to hold it on. Very neat and well thought out. Now, under the chin is what's known as a filter. This is what you breathe through. This is what makes the poison gas harmless before it gets to your mouth and nose. Simple, isn't it? Any questions?"

No questions.

"I didn't think so. You've all got heads made of putty. You wouldn't think a puttyhead would need a gas mask, but it does." A few crawlers laughed. Mr. Jones grinned at his own joke. "All right, puttyheads, I've told you what a gas mask's made of. Now I'll tell you what it's *for*. It's to be used in case (or should I say when?) German aeroplanes drop poison-gas bombs on Nottingham." He paused, possibly for questions, perhaps for some reactions, but they hadn't heard enough.

"Anyone know what a blackout means?" No answer. "Well, puttyheads, it means that no lights of a city can be put on, that everything's kept in complete and total darkness so that German planes flying above won't know where they are. And at such times you'll all have to go to bed early because there'll be no sense playing in the streets when it's pitch dark. And you'll carry your gas masks to bed with you, careful not to drop or damage them. If you do, then you'll be in a fine fix when the bombs fall, won't you? So you'll take the gas mask out of its cardboard box and place it by your bed for when the air-raid warning sounds."

HE SETTLED HIMSELF comfortably at the desk. All day, Brian moaned. "Of course, when they do go and you hear bombers coming over, there'll be no need to put your gas mask on. Only when a man comes around the streets with a klaxon do you do that, and when gas *is* dropped you all act very quickly—except the puttyheads, of course—and pull the masks over your faces. Naturally, if any of you have smaller brothers and sisters you'll help them with theirs before putting on your own."

His bloodless head turned from one side of the class to the other,

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and as his face passed the front both eyes were blotted out by circles of light as big as his glasses. "Something else," came from his mouth: "Do any of you know when poison gas was first used in a big battle?"

One hand did: "In the Great War."

"Ah, so you're not all puttyheads. Yes, quite right. Fifty thousand Frenchmen (and many British) were gassed by an afternoon breeze at Ypres. All the troops saw was a greenish yellow fog coming toward them at dusk and soon scores of hundreds of men were choking from it. Those who got away from the trenches were blinded or injured for life, and lines stretched for miles as each man followed the one in front to the hospitals behind the lines. Yes, war is lamentable business, and isn't worth getting excited about, is it? Is IT THEN, YOU PUTTYHEADS?" he roared, his gunburst lifting even the sleepiest from their daydreams.

A few voices sent out a mixture of yes and no.

"It's hard to tell you what war is, but I *can promise one thing*: there'll be plenty of pain flying about. I suppose the easiest pain I can think of in war is when you have to queue all day in the snow for food or coke, and when you have to eat horseflesh at the end of it, and when you have to listen to the noise of sirens. Not much pain there, is there? However, it's possible that the war will still be on when you're men, and one of the hardest pains perhaps is when one is left wounded after a battle without water or food. War is taking place in China and Spain at this moment, and happened in Abyssinia not so long ago, so what I'm telling you shouldn't seem so impossible, though judging by your faces you aren't bright enough to take in much of what I'm saying."

He knows we're all waiting to get to the playground for our milk, Brian said to himself, but he's keeping us in out of spite, the sly bastard. "Do any of you really know what pain is? I suppose you think it's pain when my fist clouts your putty heads to make you pay attention? Well, let me tell you, it's not. It's nothing to what pain is in war. Ah, yes, I know, you're all excited about the gas masks and the war that's coming. Well, you should be praying to God that by a miracle it doesn't begin. For war means nothing but pain. Some people escape it, but don't let that be a comfort to you, because during a war the earth will convulse with pain, and it will get you and me and possibly everyone else. So let's have no excitement over the thought of war."

He broke off and strode out of the room, and they heard the next class fall quiet as he went among them.

IT'S ALL LIES, Brian thought. Even if it's the truth, it's a lie. But he also scoffed at his own fiction of the barricades and pyramids of dead on paving stones, convinced of nothing except the bursting top of his milk bottle at playtime and the pushing in of a straw before sucking cool liquid into the dry chalk of his mouth, a liquid that nevertheless still tasted like the dull and sluggish iodine pain that old Jones had blabbed about.

At four in the afternoon he ran home clutching a cardboard box, and burst into the house as his father was having tea. There'd been a rumor in class while waiting to be served the respirators that everyone had to pay for them, so much a week, and Brian had been pleasantly surprised to note when it was actually put into his hand that payment hadn't been mentioned at all, at which he assumed that he had been given an expensive piece of equipment absolutely free. "Look what I've got!" he called out, swinging his treasure box on its string. They were uninterested. Then he saw three others on the floor in a corner, their boxes already bent and battered, a strap hanging from one, Arthur doing his best to break up another. His mother was reading the *Post*: "There'll be no peace in *our* time," she said scornfully, laying it aside to pour Brian a cup of tea.

"No," Seaton answered, in splendid gruff prophecy, "nor in any other bloody time, either."

Mythcarriage of Joycestice

MARY MANNING

THE LAST TEN YEARS have been bumper ones for the fast-growing Joyce industry. I'm told the bibliography now approximates the population explosion, and that inexhaustible conundrum, *Finnegans Wake*, may turn out to be the biggest boon to scholarship since Moses struck the rock. Criticism in this field is no longer criticism, it is vivisection—only you wouldn't do it to a dog. Granted the master encouraged these doings by the willful obscurantism of *Finnegan*, still I feel nauseated when they start analyzing *Dubliners* to death. Really, I don't care to know that "The Dead" was inspired by a short story by George Moore, or that there was a character called Gabriel Conroy in a novel by Bret Harte and so on and so forth and out of the window with it. Personally, I think it's time the gentle reader was allowed to ramble through the world of Joyce footnote-loose and fancy free.

Richard Ellmann in his brilliant biography writes, "The ironic quality of Joyce's fame was that it remained a *gloire de cénacle* even when the cénacle had swelled to vast numbers of people." All right, but things have changed. When Joyce was alive, the cénacle consisted of sophisticated literary expatriates and a small vanguard of professors, the Diors of their professions, who could smell a trend a mile off. Now every university has its own Joyce cénacle, and as the industry grows and profits rise, the titles of the numerous critical studies become more and more specialized. Here are a few picked out at random: *Joyce Among the Jesuits; The Postwar Mind and James Joyce; The Books of the Wake, with Index; A Census of Finnegans Wake with Index of Characters and Their Roles; A Shout in the Street, Analysis of the Second Chapter of Ulysses; Analysis of the Mind of James Joyce; The Sacred River, an Approach to James Joyce; James Joyce and the Common Read-*

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er;—and here's one scholar with a conscience—*James Joyce, A Partial Explanation; James Joyce's Dublin; Dublin's James Joyce;* and about a hundred and fifty more approaches, studies, and analyses. One can see now how such an unassuming title as Mr. Ellmann's *James Joyce: A Biography* sounds as sweetly old-fashioned as "Jessica's First Prayer."

The result is that the gentle reader is loath to open *Finnegans Wake* at all, for fear a little gremlin in cap and gown will jump out and slap him in the face. I wouldn't mind so much if these sacred authorities agreed on all their definitions and findings, but they're as bad as the scientists on civil defense, split down the middle.

It is extraordinary to me, the dreadful solemnity that surrounds this book. I'm told that Thornton Wilder actually laughs over it and enjoys it, but he is a lonely man in this respect. Professors, students, and the frightened common reader approach it reverently as if it were a Dead Sea scroll. Every pun is analyzed, every allusion traced to its source, and by the time they've finished, the source has lost its savor.

The author of one slender, scholarly volume, for instance, had a splendid time tracing all the Shakespeare plays mentioned in the *Wake*. I innocently drank it all in until I came to this footnote: "Othello. Page 196. Line 1. O tell me." I rushed to page 196 which is the opening of the washerwomen sequence and I find no "O tell me." There is an "O tell me all," but simply no "O tell me" alone. It seems to me that Authority is stretching things pretty far to get "Othello" out of this. Running my eyes down the same index, I see another footnote: " 'Denis Florence MacCarthy's combies' (p. 200). Combies perhaps because he had Christian names of both sexes." Let's rustle through to page 200. Ah, here it is. "O tell me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy's combies." Well, gentle reader, "combies," the short for combination, means long winter underwear worn by both sexes—with a slight anatomical difference—as late as the 1920's in England and Ireland. If you find sexual significance in combies, I hate to think what could be found in "Lynd me your sacred ashes now while I scrub the canon's underpants" (p. 202). Nobody's done it yet, so let's apply for a grant. It isn't so much the sources as the foundations that pay off.

ABOUT EIGHT YEARS AGO they decided to form an actors' lab at Harvard which would be a training ground in speech and verse speaking for the Harvard Dramatic Club. Quite by accident, I gave my section a modest choral arrangement of the washerwoman sequence from the *Wake*. Professors who saw the performance urged me to get to work and prepare a full evening of *Finnegan*. They didn't know I hadn't read the book and I didn't tell them. O the shame of it! I had indeed opened *Finnegan,* opened it and closed it. Too many footnotes on the sands of time. Now, however, there was no escape. I had to read it. I sank into *Finnegan* for eighteen months, only occasionally coming up for air. Of course I consulted the *Key,* and every book of criticism and reference I could lay hands on. One fact helped me; I was a child of Dublin. I had spent the first twenty-seven years of my life on the bankside of Anna Liffey, or as it's known in Dublin, "The Niffey Liffey." Nobody needed to hand me a footnote about Waterhouse's clock, or where Neptune sculled or Tritonville rowed (my father and uncles rowed for both of them). I knew the particular geographical whereabouts and functional significance of Kolonsreagh, Seapoint, Quayhowth, Ashtown, Ratheny, and slipping sly by Sallynoggin. Many's the time I've picked primroses at Sallynoggin. Also, I too was an exile. I was able to hear the melancholy howl of homesickness that runs through *Finnegan;* the lament of the prodigal son, the rejected one, who never went home. *Finnegan* is a confession, a lament, and a vendetta. Tear away the symbolism, the myths, the rags and tags of learning, the elaborate façade of puns, and here set in Dublin sixty years ago is the story of the Joyce family, the human family, fallen from grace, shabby genteel, squalid and glorious, funny and sad. It's all there, disguised as *Finnegans Wake.*

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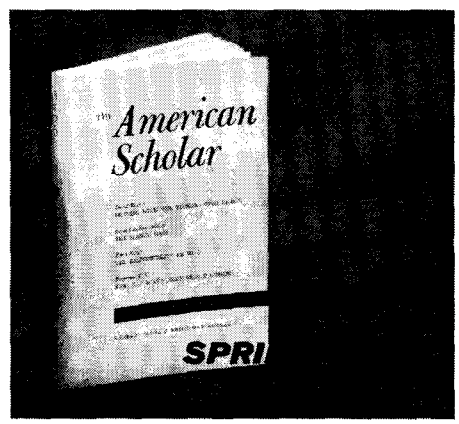

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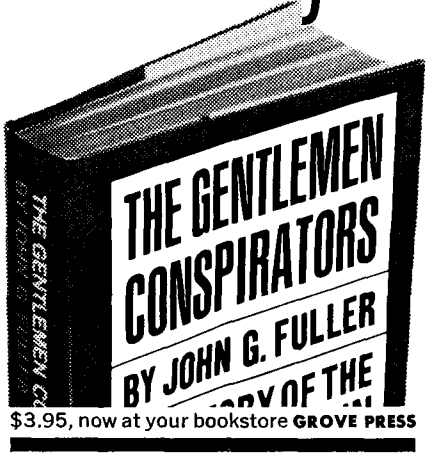

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BOOKS

Meyer's Boys

GEORGE STEINER

THE ROTHSCHILDS, by Frederic Morton. *Atheneum. $5.95.*

In that famous exchange with Fitzgerald, Hemingway was, of course, wrong: the rich *are* different. And the very rich are very different. When personal wealth is reckoned in no mere millions but in a hundred million, the difference mounts to a golden phantasm. Only the immensely rich have South American ostriches named after them (*Rhea rothschildi*), or conduct private symphony orchestras with diamond-encrusted batons, or send their tailcoat and valet before them in private trains, or receive uneasy, faintly obsequious visits from Himmler when, by temporary mischance, they find themselves in a Nazi jail. Among the golden princes of the earth there are a few scattered kings; and among the kings perhaps only one complete dynasty, self-crowned and undefeated—the Rothschilds.

The story of their ascent from the Frankfurt ghetto of the 1770's is as familiar and incredible as any fairy tale. Old Meyer Amschel traded coins and discounted petty bills of trade in the darkness of Jew Street. Forty years later his five sons ruled the European money market from palaces more sumptuous than any built by private means since the Medici. Meyer's wife lived to see the princelings and potentates of anti-Semitic Europe come to her ghetto door in obeisance. By the 1850's, the combined capital resources of the Rothschild clan were literally beyond precise valuation.

Complex historical and technical factors made it possible for five Jewish financiers, with neither personal renown nor initial fortune, to inherit the earth. The French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the fantastic upsurge of large-scale industry broke the archaic mold of international monetary relations. Vast sums of ready money were required to finance the new mass armies; wars shook loose the capital resources long buried or confined in obsolete feudal holdings. Yet at the same time war retained a certain rococo grace, and an extraordinary amount of trade and personal economic contact could be carried on between the England of Pitt and the Europe of the Napoleonic blockade.

What was needed to keep the wheels of credit and bullion going was a group of men loyal to the particular nation in which they made their home but equally loyal to the concept of international liquidity. Meyer's boys, with their fierce clan-

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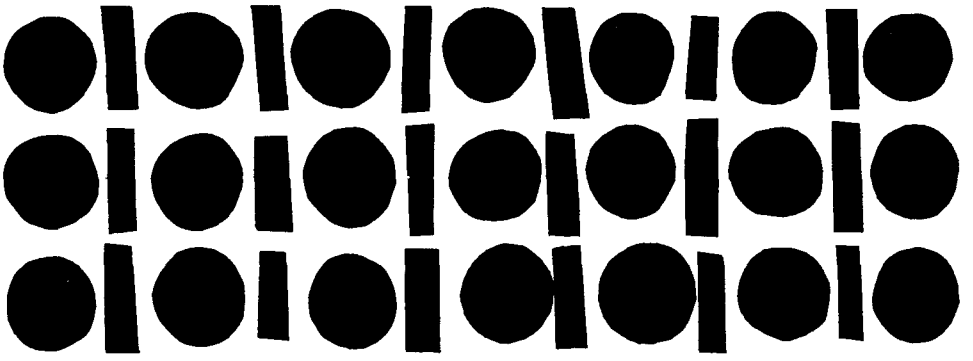

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 51

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
22 28 104 120 208 138 166 222
Actions of disguisings.

B ___ ___ ___ ___
56 218 220 224
Organization with which the Acrostician is prominently associated.

C ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
84 210 42 156 182 32 118 40 14 48 108
Production of offspring permanently unlike the parents.

D ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
214 188 20 112 130 192 72 148
Single locomotives, operating alone for shifting cars.

E ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
108 16 142 146 74 6 106 124 160 86 34 60
An ornament with a dartlike tongue to enrich a molding. (3,3,6)

F ___ ___ ___ ___
204 78 52 88
"Two stern-faced men set out from_____
Through the cold and heavy mist..." Thomas Hood, "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

G ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
2 164 134 202 154 200 26
"And six stalwart_____shall carry me,
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow."
Whyte-Melville, "The Tarpaulin Jacket."

H ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
46 30 90 66 18 12 116 44 58 140 70 206
184 168 68 110 64 186 196
A work by the Acrostician. (3,9,7)

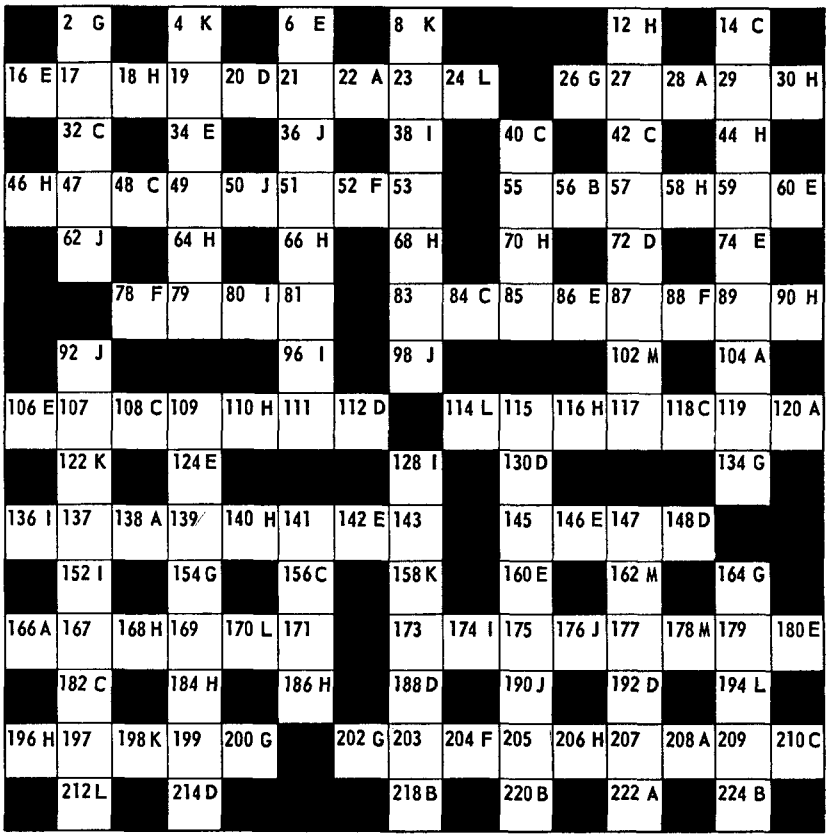
I ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
174 96 152 38 128 136 80
A device for checking vibration in a piano string.

J ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
62 92 36 50 190 176 98
Whines or complains.

K ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
8 158 198 122 4
"Our wasted oil unprofitably burns, Like hidden_____in old sepulchral urns."
William Cowper, "Boadicea."

L ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
194 114 170 24 212
Small furnaces or kilns.

M ___ ___ ___
162 178 102
"The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils._____." Kipling, "Tomlinson."



ACROSS

16. Such a one may find a gem in the Lenten season, to the delight of Anita Loos.
26. With 114 across, an area of recent interest to the Acrostician. (5,7)
46. A famous dynasty has an edge after tea, but it still takes a beating!
55. A clergyman may be for the present or future as well.
78. A Belgian river is swallowed by a heavy serpent.
83. Give ten G to the Chinese detective. It's a swap.
106. Took on a sad muse.
114. See 26 across.
136. Take a flagon and not a pound to the Spanish dance.
145. Foods found in Market Square at San Diego.
166. Sir Edward Elgar returns to hold forth in the attic.
173. An institution of a grim era.
196. It's rum to produce a growth.
202. Hold the line. Dance at the Yellow Flower.

DOWN

2. Light Horse Harry Lee has no steed or cheer and is afraid. (Slang)
4. Toss the Prime Minister before he puts his foot down hard. (Dial.)
6. Is the supernatural being half a craving?
8. Have the French chills about covenants?
12. Unchanging Kay.
14. Does the dictator find a place in the sideshow? (6,3)
40. A poem of the warlike Picts.
92. A sap gives up sugar for a vegetable.
109. The rude town is in a backwater.
115. When the rice came, it made a fine dessert. (3,5)
128. This kind of a mire makes more bubbles.
141. Atone? Not a sign of it!
147. Treat triplets as dirt.
164. The suffering of a paragon, you know, may be this.

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nishness, their characteristic Jewish ability to see things from a cosmopolitan angle, and their canny delight in the technicalities of investment and monetary exchange, were the natural *condottieri* of the new age.

Many of their exploits are legend. The five brothers disposed of a network of couriers swifter and more discreet than those available to any government. On June 20, 1815, Nathan Rothschild leaned against "his" famous pillar at the London stock exchange. He sold consols relentlessly. Like lightning, news spread through London: "Waterloo is lost. Rothschild must know." At each flick of Nathan's finger, consols plummeted by tens of thousands of pounds. A few moments before official word of Wellington's triumph reached the exchange, Nathan bought back a giant parcel for a song. He had known the whole time. Several palaces, their parks, their liveried servants, and the Rembrandts on their walls entered his pockets in an afternoon.

One day the Bank of England was so misguided as to refuse to cash a personal draft Nathan had received from brother Amschel. All the next day, Nathan and his clerks appeared at the Bank calmly exchanging ten-pound notes for gold (in those happy days, paper currency was fully and statutorily backed). By evening, England's gold reserves were precariously down. No Rothschild check was ever queried again.

It has been estimated that the Rothschild clan accumulated some 6,000 million dollars during the industrial and financial revolution of the nineteenth century. In that league, the Rockefellers don't come to bat. Used with superb finesse, this immense fortune allowed the Rothschild banks to play a large part in international politics. It was they who financed many of the principal European railways and who engineered France's rapid recovery from the Prussian exactions of 1871. It was Rothschild capital that made possible Britain's acquisition of the Suez Canal. As Disraeli wrote to Queen Victoria: "You have it, Madam. . . . Four million sterling! and almost immediately. There was only one firm that could do it—Rothschilds."

The Rothschild saga is so brilliant and so crowded with funny and incredible strokes of conduct that it survives Mr. Morton's prose. For connoisseurs of the languid purple manner this book is a happy quarry. No occasion for cliché is left unhonored: let "the English" make their entrance and "the master race of shopkeepers" follows with triumphant inevitability. A coy pomp infects Mr. Morton's tone. Here is how he tells us that Marie Louise, wife of the exiled Napoleon, bore two illegitimate children: General Neipperg "diverted the Archduchess so well that on May 1, 1817, and again on August 8, 1819, two events took place, both blessed." We learn that sections of this book first appeared in the mauve pastures of *Holiday*. Names are often misspelled, titles are wildly inaccurate (there is not, and never has been, such a title as Prime Minister of the British Empire), and the index is useless.

No matter; for all its slapdash vulgarity, *The Rothschilds* is a gay book for a winter night. And it has moving overtones. Even in the time of their Babylonian splendor, in the late Victorian and Edwardian age, the Rothschilds remained proudly, uncompromisingly Jewish. Wherever possible they intermarried—uncles marrying nieces—and to this day only Rothschilds are partners or owners of the great Rothschild banks. Rothschild benefactions to Jewish causes have been gigantic, though often unheralded. The public at large is hardly aware of the golden role played by the Family (it has a right to that capital "F") in the foundation of Jewish schools, hospitals, and relief. Yet at the same time, the Rothschilds have given lavishly outside their faith. Now, as

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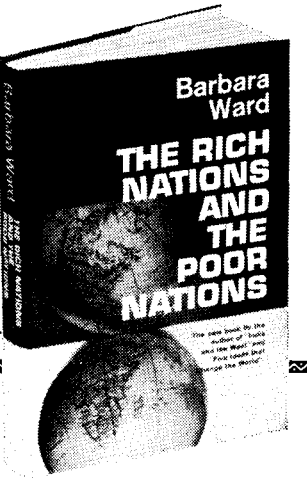

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in 1800, Meyer's rules prevail over the dynasty: remember your own people; keep your pockets open but your ledger books strictly closed.

Even after the millions had grown uncounted, the Rothschilds continued to produce financiers. The genius of the house is nearly exclusively monetary. A few have dabbled in the arts and one is a scientist of some distinction. Immensity of wealth might have been expected to produce a certain boredom, and to direct Rothschild scions toward scholarship or the arts or even politics. But this has not been the case. Compared to such famous lineages as the Cecils, the Huxleys, or the de Broglies, the Rothschilds have contributed little to the stream of human knowledge or creation. Though in circumstances diminished by two world wars, death duties, and devaluation, the Rothschilds of today excel where Meyer and his five lions excelled, in the bank and on the floor of the exchange. Their pleasures—the race track, the vineyard, the greenhouse—are bankers' pleasures. The name Rothschild conjures up neither a theorem nor a collection of rare books, but a soufflé.

This is, perhaps, the crucial point of this golden fable. Behind the Rothschild triumph lies the curious but plain fact that very few intelligent human beings are interested in the arcane technicalities of high finance. Though the world of currency and investment shapes much of our society, it remains oddly remote and abstract to those outside it. I am more or less aware that unseen millions can change hands at a nod; I realize that fortunes are made and lost because certain currencies are quoted at fractionally different values during the same hour in Tangiers, Zurich, or New York. But these facts, like the inner workings of my radio or combustion engine, remain both mysterious and somewhat dull. Only a special combination of tenacious intellect and limited imagining can inspire one to plunge one's life into the abstract "game" of monetary operations. Had they not turned to making millions, the Rothschilds might well have added to the long Jewish line of chess masters. A comparable gift for concentration and triviality is involved.

Two fascinating books were being written at about the same time by German Jews established in Victorian London: the Rothschild bankbook and *Das Kapital*. Between them, the balance has yet to be struck. But Marx has already added a mocking footnote to Meyer's ledger: one of the former Rothschild mansions in Kensington Gardens is now the Soviet Embassy.

The Story As Manner

ALFRED KAZIN

CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING, by Dorothy Baker. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

Dorothy Baker's first novel, *Young Man with a Horn*, published all of twenty-four years ago, has stayed with me for the elegance of craft that I associate with Scott Fitzgerald and very few other American practitioners of the solitary art of writing a novel with as much charm, lightness, and subtlety of language as may go into a good poem. Although much of the story has disappeared from my mind, Mrs. Baker's total sense of style—the style manifest in her way of seeing things even before she says them—is as pleasant to my memory as the ballooning white curtains and the white dresses that are so vividly gay at that first dinner party in *The Great Gatsby*, gay above all for the novelist's intelligence that set the scene.

Cassandra at the Wedding now enables me to understand why I associate so much pleasure with Mrs. Baker's performance as a novelist. Just as people in love are sometimes even more charming than they mean to be, so Mrs. Baker is one of those writers whose charm is that they are in love with things, a way of life, a style, objects. She has a delighted sense of how Americans, if they are young and easy enough and Californians, move around cars, swimming pools, Waring Blendors. But the real charm of those in love is that it makes them more pliable, sensitive, and aware. It is exactly this bright attraction to the object

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and the powerful irony that can spring from so much pleasure in life itself that makes *Cassandra at the Wedding* satisfying. In the consummate attention to detail and in the clarity of line, the reader is made conscious of a profound attachment to the persons in the story and thus to the things they touch and the voices in which they speak.

The two voices that tell the story belong to twin sisters in their early twenties, Cassandra and Judith Edwards, daughters of a former professor of philosophy who has retired to skepticism and brandy, and of a mother, now dead, whose peculiar boyishness is not explained and is perhaps not attributable to her having been a writer. The sisters are deeply attached to each other—rather too deeply, Judith thinks, for she broke away from Cassandra to study music for a year in New York, and is now preparing to marry a fine and entirely normal young physician. This "crisis" in the sisters' relationships is what brings Cassandra down to the family ranch from Berkeley, where she has been unenthusiastically writing at a thesis on contemporary French fiction between sessions with a young, good-looking lady analyst who is perhaps more interested in Cassandra than in her other patients. But Cassandra is entirely and exclusively in love with her twin sister as if they were the unseverable halves of a single image. The most interesting side of the story is the way this incestuous love, which is really self-love, has come, in Cassandra's mind, to support an intellectual pride of the most naïve kind. Cassandra really thinks of the Edwards family as the height of all excellence. Although "The truth is, I'm afraid of men, strange men and ones I know," she views the world outside her family with the same scorn. And the characteristic side of Mrs. Baker's talent is the way in which she gives Cassandra her head, lets her talk. Cassandra's elfin, young-California intellectual charm manages, under the steady stream of sophistication, to betray an extraordinary childish conceit, an imprisonment in early images of family that are rooted in the uncertain hold she had on her dead mother and her bibulous father.

Cassandra is not so much a "case" as a kid, with no real attachments except the hysterical, all-demanding one to her sister. The way in which both her innocent self-infatuation and her touching young uncertainty come through the smooth patter is one of the charms of Mrs. Baker's narrative. This sense of how people talk, which puts everything into dramatic focus and shapes the narrative like wet clay, reminds me very much of the bright dramatic stream in Salinger; it is interesting to see Mrs. Baker going through many of the same motions, performing some of the main tricks, which follow from this sense of theater, of hypnotic attention to the particular gesture. At one point Cassandra, secretly listening in on an extension phone to the lovers' conversation between Judith and her doctor, realizes that she will soon be summoned to the phone to talk to him; in order not to be discovered at all, she walks fully clothed, with a drink in her hand, into a bathtub and pulls the shower curtains around her. This is certainly a touch of Salinger, but the difference is that here the emphasis is rather more clinically "psychological" than it would be in Salinger, who fondly describes the Glass family making refuges for themselves in bathrooms as if to say, If that is the kind of spiritual refuge *my* characters want, that is good enough for me. In Mrs. Baker the emphasis is more on revealing the peculiar girl that Cassandra is. Throughout the story there is this same emphasis on what Cassandra unconsciously reveals about herself—the more she preens herself on the family's "specialness," the more this snobbery pathetically reveals itself as rooted in her confusion and loss.

It is probably this relatively conventional element of the psychological that explains why Mrs. Baker, whose manner is so expert, is not in the same class with Salinger. Not only does she see people rather more in the general fashion, but she even plumps for explicit values that are wholly in fashion. When Judith realizes to her horror that Cassandra actually intends the marriage not to take place, she rebuffs her so sharply that Cassandra attempts suicide. And throughout the business of the young doctor bringing her back to life and of the actual happy wedding

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itself, we are made aware of too many "positive" values about love and companionship and work. There is something so stubbornly "psychological" about Mrs. Baker's handling of her characters that at the crisis, when Cassandra's ambiguous lady analyst comes rushing down to tend to her, we recognize that we need some more information about her, but that for one reason or another Mrs. Baker is withholding it. A Fitzgerald or a Salinger would not have left this ambiguity in our minds: we would have known *who* the lady is, and so not have wondered what she is really "like." Yet one feels these things as lacks and conventionalities in Mrs. Baker's novel precisely because the "line," the story as manner, is so expertly done, and dramatically always in focus.

Lost but Not Forgotten

MARTIN GREENBERG

LIFE AMONG THE SURREALISTS, by Matthew Josephson. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.*

Mr. Josephson begins his memoir of the 1920's with a vigorous protest against the sentimental "fallacy of the Lost Generation." The phrase was started off by Ernest Hemingway, that archsentimentalist, when he quoted a remark of Gertrude Stein's as the epigraph to *The Sun Also Rises*: "You are all a lost generation!" That novel set the style for Americans living abroad in the latter 1920's (who if they were "exiles" were mostly short-lived ones, the author notes) and the phrase served them as a self-dramatizing slogan. All Miss Stein had meant by the remark, which she delivered in French (*"Vous êtes tous une génération fichue!"*), was to express her displeasure at Hemingway and two of his friends when they barged into one of her evening gatherings in a tipsy state. She was only echoing the words, Mr. Josephson says she afterward related, that the French mechanic who fixed her Ford used about the ill-trained apprentices who were serving in his shop after their years of war. The publicized phrase helped to spread a fake pathos over a whole decade. In his *Exile's Return*, Malcolm Cowley goes along completely with the idea of the "Lost Generation," which is the main reason why his influential book is bad.

Josephson grew up in Brooklyn in the first decades of the century and escaped from it as fast as he could. "It was not Brooklyn that I hated; it was rather the way of life that Brooklyn represented for me. There were my parents saying repeatedly: 'Poetry? But how *will* you ever earn your living?' " While attending Columbia College he became part of a coterie of literary friends composed of Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Hart Crane, and William Slater Brown; later Allen Tate, Robert M. Coates, and John Brooks Wheelwright joined the group. These names dot his narrative rather more often than the names of the Dadaists and Surrealists he associated with during his two sojourns in Europe, so that the title of his memoir is somewhat misleading. The coterie were rebels who were discovering modernism, emancipation, and a new taste, but they were not carefree for they had to struggle with their families and with themselves for the right to pursue literary careers. Thus Hart Crane had to reckon with a father who was set on his son's succeeding him in the candy business.

Literary rebellion carried the author to Greenwich Village, to a brief spell of simple living in Maine, then, in 1921, with a few dollars saved up, away from an America of tin cans and President Harding to Paris and European culture. Some years later Kenneth Burke wrote a parody of an "expatriate's" first letter: "Richard! At last, I am in Paris! Great God, man, how I detest you back there among the Rotary Clubs and the grape juice! . . . I shall never forget the surge of triumph as I stepped out of the gare (station) and realized that at last I was alive!" Most of the Americans in Paris associated with other Americans, Josephson tells us in one of his sharp thrusts against the myth of the 1920's, in spite of the fact that they had crossed the water in

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search of French civilization. Djuna Barnes said that she "might as well go back to Greenwich Village and rot there," for all the culture she was getting in France.

Josephson proved more enterprising and was soon thoroughly involved with the Dadaists, who made up the liveliest movement of the times and conducted nihilistic skirmishes against the old literary culture that Josephson had come to France intending to study.

THE DADAISTS were mad for things American and Josephson was shortly surprising his friends back home by writing letters in this vein, echoing a posthumous essay by Apollinaire: "We must write for *our age* . . . our literature should reflect the influences of the cinema . . . the saxophone. . . . Instead of invoking nightingales, poets should sing of those new birds that have giant wings of wood and canvas and gas engines for their hearts." He expressed some of these ideas in the pages of *Secession* and *Broom*, expatriate little magazines he helped edit. There is some question here whether Josephson was understanding the Dadaists aright; he was proclaiming a new Whitmanesque art and culture of American machines and popular entertainment, but they were interested in these things as anti-art, as weapons to attack the traditional civilization they contemned. It was probably impossible for an American with his radically different life experience to understand the revulsion against culture that filled the breast of a Tristan Tzara, the papa of Dada, and an André Breton, the Surrealist "pope."

The author, who describes himself as a "reasoning fellow" and quite evidently is so, found himself repelled by Breton's growing preoccupation with the unconscious and the occult, and a few years after his return to America in 1923 he attacked the Paris Surrealists in *The Little Review* for being anti-social and irrational. In truth, there had been something odd about his involvement with them in the first place; he was not really in sympathy with Dadaism and certainly not with Surrealism, which accounts for the lack of warmth in his description of their doings, more than one touch

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Puzzle #50

■	D	■	B	■	B	E	A	K	S	■	P	■	R	■
C	I	N	E	M	A	■	S	■	I	S	O	M	E	R
■	N	■	L	■	S	■	K	■	S	■	L	■	V	■
I	N	S	I	S	T	■	A	N	T	I	L	L	E	S
■	E	■	E	■	I	O	N	■	E	■	O	■	A	■
G	R	O	V	E	L	■	C	O	R	D	I	A	L	S
H	■	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	■	E	■	■	■	E
A	V	E	R	R	E	D	■	S	C	A	L	A	G	E
N	■	■	■	I	■	■	S	■	O	■	E	■	■	D
A	R	T	I	F	A	C	T	■	N	O	T	A	R	Y
■	O	■	M	■	R	■	A	W	N	■	H	■	E	■
S	N	A	P	B	A	C	K	■	I	N	A	R	C	H
■	D	■	A	■	B	■	I	■	V	■	R	■	A	■
P	E	N	C	I	L	■	N	■	E	N	G	U	L	F
■	L	■	T	■	E	L	G	A	R	■	Y	■	L	■

Acrostician—

KWAME NKRUMAH

of moral condescension, especially toward Breton, and the absence of any effort whatsoever to do justice to Surrealism as a movement of the imagination. Louis Aragon he liked at once as a person, but it is the post-Surrealist Aragon of the Popular Front and the Resistance whom he admires.

Mr. Josephson was unable to keep *Broom* alive in the United States whither he had carried it, and took a job in the stock market. That experience made him "more rather than less social-minded. I had also lost some of my illusions about the purists of literature, symbolists or neoclassicists, who believed with T. S. Eliot that the poet . . . could remain indifferent to great public issues and seek only the perfection of literary form." The 1930's of course are approaching fast in this sentence, not only in the stand it announces but in the crudity of its formulation of a highly complex question. When he returned to France in 1927 it was to write a book on Zola, who offered him "the image of the writer turned public man." No more Dadaist irresponsibility! Subsequently Josephson's social interests would lead him to write such books as *The Robber Barons* and even, recently, a life of Edison. For many of the members of his generation, he concludes, "the thirties were to be the years of fruition."

Life Among the Surrealists is written in a style pleasantly touched with old-fashioned formality and in a sensible tone that tends toward dryness and irony. It is a relief to read about the 1920's as described in this fashion, for there has been much gush about the period. But this attitude has its disadvantage too. Although the book is lively with anecdotes and observations, it lacks essential sympathy for the period it describes. In the 1920's Mr. Josephson opposed the life of poetry to the Brooklyn way of life he had been born into. His observations on poetry in these pages are often sharp and strong and justify Crane's praise of him as an acute critic. Yet what is missing in this book is any poetic quality, not only of feeling but of understanding. Josephson seems to have lumped all that together with the "aestheticism" that he rejected in his mature years.

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IF THE ZAPATO FITS, WEAR IT...

The miracle has come to pass. In the scene above, you are actually seeing someone with a difficult language problem who *didn't* come to Berlitz. But hold, gentle reader, do not jump to the conclusion that Berlitz didn't come to the rescue. For though our friend in need didn't come to us, as most people do—in a manner of speaking *we came to him* and swiftly found solutions to two of his problems.

The gentleman diner above, who is frantically thumbing through his miniature English-Spanish, Spanish-English dictionary, is a shoe salesman on business in Mexico. He has just bitten into the hottest chili pepper in Latin America and would sell his soul for a glass of water. In exactly 30 seconds he is going to shout in a voice colored by desperation rather than by bad manners, "Why can't the natives here speak English so they can understand us!" The gentleman seated at the next table, as luck would have it, just happens to be the Director of our Mexico City Berlitz School. (Through such coincidences worlds have been conquered—and advertisements written.) He will instantly offer a glass of water, solving Problem 1. Problem 2 will take a bit more doing. But in the end he will convince our over-peppered diner that the Berlitz School in Boston will not only teach him to speak Spanish but will design his course to include the special vocabulary of lasts, uppers, welts—and even show him how to land orders for an 8½ "Carlos" or a 10 "Benito".

Thanks to a chili pepper and a chance meeting, the first thing that our purveyor of footwear did when he returned to Boston was go to Berlitz for a tailormade course of instruction. He later told us that his ability to sell shoes in Spanish resulted in a 400% sales increase. And that's not the only happy ending. He now loves Mexico so much that he spends his vacations there.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off. This is true whether you're a shoe salesman on a business trip or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. Governments, military organizations and major companies send key men to Berlitz to prepare them for assignments abroad. Many forward looking companies send wives as well, because they've discovered that men stay on the job longer when their wives are also equipped to speak the local language. Across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

There are 240 Berlitz schools in leading cities throughout the world. They're easy to find. Simply consult your local telephone directory—or ask the man at the next table—he may very well be a Berlitz School Director.

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Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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